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Next week

MEMORABLE MOMENTS from past Masters, heroic and tragic, are recreated in words and paintings. Also a study of Bert Yancy, a maybe champion who has an obsession

A LOVE FEAST between St. Louis and its hockey team propels the Blues into Stanley Cup play. Gary Rosenberg writes of the extraordinary bonds linking the town and the team

DELIGHTFUL ECCENTRIC named Torben Ulrich is the most colorful player in tennis. Mark Kram takes a look at this bearded Dane who approaches the game as an art

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Original



SCORECARD

HIRE US GO AGAIN

The Olympic Games are still taking a beating. Avery Brundage, the 81-year-old president of the International Olympic Committee, was blasted by Johann Westerhoff, a 53-year-old Dutchman who last January abruptly resigned as secretary-general of the IOC because, says Westerhoff, "Brundage cannot tolerate strong people around him... he wants to do everything himself. So he looks for dependent, servile people." Then Adidas and Puma, the feuding German track-shoe manufacturers (SI, March 10), got together for the first time in 20 years to announce that neither of them would produce the all-white, trademark-free track shoes that amateur athletes are henceforth supposed to wear, or else. And, finally, the Supreme Council for Sport in Africa warned that proposed West German participation in the "racist" South African Games in Bloemfontein represented a grave threat to the 1972 Games in Munich—in other words, if the West Germans competed in South Africa, black Africans might not go to Munich. The West German entry eventually withdrew. SANROC (the South African Non-Racial Open Committee for Olympic Sports) was also calling for an African and West Indian boycott of next year's Commonwealth Games in Scotland if British athletes did not pull out, too.

HALL ON ICE

Football referees occasionally get wiped out on running plays, and baseball umpires take their share of foul tips, but their lives are serene compared to that of a hockey official. This season's casualty list in the NHL includes Linesman Neil Armstrong, 19-stitch cut across back of hand; Linesman Pat Shetler, splinter in eye from broken stick; Referee Wally Harris, broken collarbone; Referee Vern Buffey, severe leg injury, torn rib cartilage; Linesman Matt Pavelich, broken ribs; Referee Dave Newell, injured tendon in foot; Linesman

George Ashley, cut hand; Referee Bill Reagan, back injury; Linesman Malcolm Ashford, severe bruises.

And this list does not include the indignities suffered by Referee Bob Sloan, who was punched by Boston Center Phil Esposito, and Referee Bruce Hood, belted by Los Angeles General Manager Larry Regin.

BID AND ASKED

National Industries has dropped its bid to gain control of Churchill Downs. The conglomerate, which was trying to buy at least 50% of the 383,292 shares outstanding, had upped its offer to \$37.50 a share in the face of opposition from the Kentucky Derby Protection Group, which included several members of the Churchill Downs board of directors. The Protection Group offered to buy up to 100,000 shares of the stock at \$35 and in a full-page ad in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* had urged stockholders not to sell to the conglomerate.

The board of directors, which, as a group, originally held only about 12% of the stock, comes out of the dispute in a much stronger position, but it was an expensive victory: after National Industries' withdrawal, the over-the-counter stock dropped to \$22 bid, \$25 asked.

WELL, YOU'RE ANOTHER

John Hadl, whom Joe Namath called the best quarterback in the American Football League, becomes a free agent on April 1. Hadl played out his option with the San Diego Chargers last season, and chances of his signing again with the Chargers seem remote. Relations between Hadl and Charger President Eugene Klein are bitter, to be gentle about it. Klein said recently, "John is an excellent quarterback, but he is no Joe Namath by any stretch of the imagination." Hadl retorted, "I may not be a Joe Namath, but then he's no Sonny Werblin." Klein said, "With the offense we have, any reasonably good quarterback can spur us to a championship."

Since the only quarterbacks the Chargers have at the moment are Marty Domres, a rookie, and Jon Buntin, a two-year veteran who operated the sideline telephone last season, Hadl declared, "It's obvious Klein knows nothing about football. If he thinks he can win without a quarterback, he might be right—but he'll be the first to do it."

All this leaves Commissioner Pete Rozelle with a headache: if Hadl signs with another team, Rozelle must decide how the new team will compensate the Chargers for a quarterback who in 1968 led the AFL in touchdown passes, yards gained passing, completions and—well, nobody's perfect—interceptions.

AND WHAT DIVOTS?

Emergency rules in effect on golf courses in England during World War II, according to a copy of *The Golfer's Handbook* that recently has come to our attention, included the following:

- 1) Players are asked to collect bomb and shell splinters to save these causing damage to the mowing machines.
- 2) In competition, during gunfire or



while bombs are falling, players may take cover without penalty for ceasing play.

- 3) The positions of known delayed-action bombs are marked by red and white flags placed at a reasonably, but not guaranteed, safe distance.

4) A ball lying in a crater may be lifted and dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.

- 5) A ball moved by enemy action may be replaced as near as possible to where it lay, or if lost or destroyed a ball may



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FOOTLOOSE

It you like hockey, basketball and floor fighting fans, go out to Commack, L.I.

Commack, a town in the middle of New York's Long Island, may be the only community of 20,000 anywhere to play host to two professional sports teams: the New York Nets of the American Basketball Association and the Long Island Ducks of the Eastern Hockey League. Both teams play their at-home games in an oversized Quonset hut called the Long Island Arena, which is one of the island's largest indoor sports facilities and the main reason for the Nets and Ducks being there.

Commack is 45 miles east of New York City, and getting there over the Long Island Expressway, known to local commuters as "the world's longest parking lot," is never much fun. But it does offer to anyone interested a unique and bizarre sports experience, and the time to enjoy it is now. At the conclusion of next season Commack may lose its only claim to athletic fame, as both of its teams are hoping to move southwest to a bigger arena in Hempstead, which is 20 miles closer to Manhattan.

In a way it's a pity for watching hockey in Commack is unlike watching hockey anywhere else. An ardent Ducks' fan once dragged his reluctant sister-in-law to see her first, and last, game at the Arena. Early in the first period a player leaped into the seats, unguarded by the glass barrier found at any normal rink, and punched an abusive fan whose blood splattered all over the woman's dress. According to Al Baren, the team's owner, "This is the only rink in organized hockey where the players stand on the ice and watch the fights in the stands."

Outside the Arena, Commack is a featureless sprawl of shopping plazas and split-level houses, and in the cold months there is little to do there. A typical matinee at the nearest movie house, in adjoining Smithtown, offers a rerun of *Pasadena*.

The Ducks are in their 10th year at Commack and though their play offers no threat to the following of New York's Rangers, the team has fanatically loyal local fans. On a recent Friday night the Duck plate was delayed and the opening face-off wasn't held until 11:30, but a crowd of 2,500 was still on hand when the game ended at 2:30 a.m. "Hockey ought hold here because of a tremendous thirst for sports," explains one fan. "No one is even allowed to do while the clock is running," says another, who hasn't missed a home game in nine years and whose daughter married a Duck.

The amateurism of the operation is part of its charm. Another night the game was held up 20 minutes because the pucks were in the ice-cream freezer and no one knew it. Owner Al Baren jaws animatedly on the phone throughout every home game, but

continued

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FOOTLOOSE continued

he isn't calling his wife; he's doing the play-by-play over radio station WBAB.

Unlike Comstock's hockey team, the American Basketball Association's Nets are newcomers. As with many of the entries in the two-year-old ABA, their attendance has been poor. The Nets (known then as the Americans) spent their first year playing to indifferent crowds in New Jersey before arranging the move to Long Island. They tied with Kentucky for a playoff berth and hoped to settle the issue in the new Comstock home, but ABA Commissioner George Mikan said no. The Comstock basketball floor had actual holes in it, and the basket stanchions were held in place by oil drums filled with water.

All that is changed now, but the old reputation is hard to live down. Attendance is climbing slowly, however, and the management hopes the Nets' new fans and many more like them will flock to the new arena at Hempstead.

According to ABA standards, even Hempstead will be small potatoes as towns go. There are 11 cities in the ABA, including such whoopee towns as New Orleans and Los Angeles. Oakland, the league's second smallest city, has more than 350,000 people, or roughly 17 times as many as Comstock, and the difference in style is even greater. Few of the Nets will share the Ducks' regret at moving on.

Unlike the Ducks, the Nets may even be glad to leave Comstock. The housing shortage there is a real problem. Because the team is so new and the turnover so high, few of the Nets have been able to rent in the Comstock area, and some of them have wound up driving more than 40 miles to Long Beach after each home game. Besides, the players yearn for a warmer, safer, more modern plant. Earlier this year Levern Tart, now with Denver, ran off a single row of boards behind the backboard onto the ice, where he slipped and broke his cheekbone.

The Ducks are a fixture in Comstock, and the warm fan response after an early struggle has made life there almost pleasant. Most of the players now submit homes in nearby towns. After games they head up the road to a bar called Kelly's Irish House where, win or lose, they are greeted like heroes by a steady group of female followers and owners George and Dan. The players are a reflective lot. A few, like Player-Cooch Les Calder, now 28, turned down offers of college scholarships. "I had no time," Calder says wryly, "I was gonna be a superstar."

George, the bartender, nods his head understandingly. He senses the players' moods and he too is keenly aware that Comstock is a far cry from Montreal, or New York, or even Hempstead, but it is—or has been—home.

—DAN LEVIN

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SCORECARD

be dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.

6) A player whose stroke is affected by the simultaneous explosion of a bomb or shell, or by machine-gun fire, may play another ball from the same place. Penalty, one stroke.

Let's have no more complaints about caddies rattling clubs, shall we?

WILLIE-BAN

Reports from Japan indicate that the Japanese are getting tired of recruiting shopworn white ballplayers from the U.S. and are concentrating on black ones instead. Names like Dick Stuart, Kent Hadley, Johnny Logan and Marty Keough have disappeared from Japanese rosters, but Willie Kirkland, Carl Boles, Dave Roberts, George Altman and Lou Jackson are riding high.

The original reason for the Japanese move toward Negro players was the feeling that black baseball players were less expensive than the whites, but now it is simply that they have performed better in Japan. "If you want to know the truth," said a Tokyo sportswriter, "I think many white players are impudent. They think they still are great because they once played in the majors, but they don't help the attitude of our younger players. The black players are a little cute, in addition to being good. They are more relaxed. They are better liked."

CALL FOR A SIGHTING

A man named Ed C. Forsythe of Boulder, Colo. has invented a 10-yard marker for football that would do away with delays that occur whenever officials call for a first-down measurement. Forsythe's marker consists of two upright poles that are held in place magnetically precisely 10 yards apart on a subterranean steel bar that travels on underground rails. If, as so often happens, players or officials collide with the uprights, the poles will fall harmlessly to earth. They can be popped back into place exactly where they were before they fell.

A telescopic sight is fixed at eye level on one pole. If any part of the football can be seen on or past the hairline in the sight, it is a first down. Forsythe expects that a second sight, installed lower on the upright, could be linked to a TV camera, thus letting the audience in on what the official sees when he looks through his scope.

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SCORECARD *continued*

tem could be installed for about \$3,000. He hopes to get the Denver Broncos to put one in their field as a demonstration model. John Waldorf, supervisor of officials for the Big Eight and chairman of the NCAA Football Rules Committee, said his group was interested in taking a look at anything that would speed up the game, especially since the rule calling for time-outs on first downs is extending the elapsed time of games. But, Waldorf warned, "it will be a good long look because we don't want to clutter up the sidelines."

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND

We mentioned a few weeks ago (Scorecard, March 10) that a basketball referee in Ohio had called a technical foul on a high school team for dunking the ball in practice and that the game therefore began with a foul shot. Now Dwight Pelkin of the *Sacramento Press* reports that at a high school tournament in Wisconsin the Onalaska squad appeared in uniforms whose numbers did not correspond with those in the official scorebook, which is a rule violation. The officials called five consecutive pregame technicals on Onalaska—one for each of the five starting players—and seven more technicals during the game, one for each substitute. We are happy to report that, even though their opponents sank 10 of the 12 free throws given them as a result of this official deepthink, Onalaska won the game, breezing, by 23 points.

BLOCK DOWN ON SAM

The superscientific jargon of pro football has always fascinated us, which is why we were delighted to receive the following report from Bill McGrane, public-relations man with the Minnesota Vikings:

Pro football is awash with all sorts of catchy little "in" terms: they're hitting us in the crease... block down on Sam... Willy on the short side... go to the dump if they blitz... Receivers no longer "go out for a pass." Instead they square-out or wheel, hook or come-back, drag or curl. They even Z-in.

My favorite "in" term is flare-control, even though I have absolutely no idea what it means. One day this winter I asked our assistant coach, Bob Hollway, about it. The question prompted an instant, coachlike reflex. Hollway

continued

Outside his fast paced business life, Mr. Embry has a knowledgeable interest in real estate investment. His NML program is a substantial one.

PHOTO BY BRIAN HEDER



BENJAMIN T. EMBRY, JR., 28, Vice-President, Walters Radio Supply, Inc., Kansas City, Mo., supplies of commercial electronic equipment.

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SCORECARD *football*

leaped to the blackboard, a piece of chalk magically appearing in his hand.

"Now," he said, "in a given set, let's say backs-divide. . . ."

I shifted uncomfortably.

"You understand backs-divide, don't you?"

"Well, uh."

"What about sixty?"

"Ummm."

Hollway began anew, patiently. "Flare-control has to do with the offensive backs assignments as pass receivers or blockers on a given pass play. It tells them, by signal, their assignments as decided by the quarterback."

"Oh. Then it's strictly an offensive matter, huh?"

"Well, yes, it's implemented by the offense, but it's of great importance to the opposing defense, too. You see why, don't you?"

"It can govern what you do?"

"Right!" He beamed. He whirled to the blackboard once more, nimbly x-ing and o-ing all over the place. "So let's say we're in Under with Willy on the Short Side and a Force on Y. Now, say their flare-control is Slot. . . ."

Lost again, I gabbled: "They'll hit you in the crease!"

He didn't even flinch. "They might try, but Sam has him for 12 yards with help coming deep in the rotation. Now. . . ."

Silently, I fled. But winter is over now, and I find myself thinking again of flare-control, and how I'll watch for it. Maybe it isn't really so tough after all. One of these days I'll even ask about "flex."

Maybe.

THEY SAID IT

• Tom Haller, Los Angeles Dodger catcher, on the new dimensions of Dodger Stadium, where home plate has been moved forward 10 feet to give hitters a better home-run shot: "I like the outfield fences being closer, but that means they've added 10 feet behind the catcher. I think some guys are going to be surprised at how many at bats they'll lose fouling out near the screen or in front of the boxes down the lines."

• Anatoli Tarasov, coach of Russia's national ice hockey team, on seeing Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings play: "Gordie Howe would not even make my fifth forward line—if I had one. He would have been all right for my team at 30, but not at 40."

END

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CHRYSLER



Sports Illustrated

MARCH 31, 1969

WITH A FLOURISH OF



TRUMPETS

As his father blew a horn in the Bruin band Law Alcindor ended his college career on a new high note. By leading UCLA to a third straight NCAA title he gave the pros, who have waited forever, a glimpse of his ultimate worth

CONTINUED





REPRIEVE—AND AN ELECTROLUMINESCENT FINALE

by JOE JARES

Sharp observers of basketball figured out long ago that 7' 1½" Lew Alcindor (*see cover*) was going to be one of the great net-straighteners of all time. They were so right.

For four years at UCLA, where the New Yorker toiled on a grant-in-aid under Coach Johnny Wooden, one way or another Alcindor was always straightening out nets. When they were tangled he stood flat-footed under the basket and, with that patented nonchalance of his, reached up to fix them. When they were empty, why, he filled them—with 56 points in his first varsity appearance three years and 90 games ago and with more than 2,300 points in all. In between, he helped draw the biggest indoor basketball crowd in history, led the Bruins to 88 victories against two losses and, last Saturday afternoon in Louisville's Freedom Hall, was the man most responsible for UCLA's becoming the first team ever to win three national championships in a row.

The latter feat was Lew Alcindor's biggest thrill and probably will rate as such until he gets his first paycheck for signing a pro contract. His brilliant final performance against Purdue virtually guarantees that it will be the reported \$1 million—or perhaps much more. But it was not easy in Louisville. While Purdue did not cause much trouble in the final game, upstart Drake from the corn country did in the semifinals. UCLA, in fact, almost did not make it past Drake.

The Bruins had come into the last two games of the NCAA tournament with so many honors pressing about them that they hardly could keep track of them all. Wooden, for example, was congratulated one afternoon by Jeff Prugh of the *Los Angeles Times*. Wooden's wife Nell looked startled and said, "What for?" "Well," said Wooden sheepishly, "I got another coach's award." Coach of the Year, as voted by his colleagues, is what he meant and

he had not bothered to tell his wife.

Drake, on the other hand, felt slighted by the fact that it had received little attention despite its 24-4 record, its Missouri Valley playoff victory over Louisville and its Midwest Regional championship. The Bulldogs had not made it into the AP poll until the final week. They took out their anger on UCLA.

Drake Coach Maurice John had said he would play the Bruins man-for-man, the veteran net-straightener in the pivot notwithstanding. That is what he did and, not only that, he started 6' 5" Al Williams on Alcindor, which is something like asking an elf to chop down a redwood with a fingernail file. The strategy worked. While Drake's fine guard, Willie McCarter, and a substitute guard, Gary Zeller, were doing most of their team's critical scoring, Dolph Pulliam led a defense that so harassed the Bruins they could not see Alcindor well enough to get the ball in to him. Only Guard John Vallely's hot shooting late in the second half saved the game for the Californians. Because of him UCLA still led 83-74 with one minute 12 seconds left, but Drake scored eight straight points, slashing the lead to one just before Lynn Shackelford was fouled and the buzzer sounded almost simultaneously. Shackelford's two free throws made it 85-82.

"I feel like I've had a reprieve," said Wooden.

Purdue got into the finals by embarrassing North Carolina 92-65, Rick Mount and the clever 5' 10" Bill Keller, who moved in and out of Carolina's pressure defense like a speedy windup toy, were simply overwhelming. It was such a bad tournament for North Carolina, in fact, that the newly installed blue-green Scor-Tron scoreboard, manufactured at North Carolina and featuring "metal ceramic electroluminescent panels" instead of bulbs, balked in the finals and refused to show the score properly. Mount had 36 points, mostly

from the parking lot, and Carolina had 26 atrocious turnovers.

Because Purdue is much the same kind of team as Drake, there were those in Louisville who thought the Boilermakers had a good chance of getting Alcindor. They did, too—down their own throats. Playing 36 minutes, Alcindor scored 37 points and took 20 rebounds. Purdue, never in the game, did not have the quickness of Drake, and its man-for-man coverage of Alcindor was a disaster. The final score, which might have been anything, was a prosaic 92-72.

Almost as important to UCLA in this game as Alcindor was the play of Kenny Heitz, guarding Mount. The Rocket scored 28 points, but he hit on only 12 of 36 shots, and most of those came in the second half when they did not mean much. "I feel that every point that Mount scored under his average [33.8] before the game was decided should be counted for Kenny," Wooden said.

The third straight title, and fifth in six years, was a personal triumph for John Wooden, who might be the first man to make the basketball Hall of Fame as a player and coach. Five different schools, including UCLA itself, had won two NCAA titles in a row, but they all lost their electroluminescence somewhere on the way to a third. Only San Francisco in the middle '50s and Cincinnati in the early '60s really came close. USF, coached by Phil Woolpert, finished third after its two title years. Cincy, under Ed Jucker, reached the finals against Loyola of Chicago and went into overtime before losing its third try.

Alcindor was the first "big man" Wooden ever had, and the ardent champion of the fast-break attack was happy to have "the challenge of a change," to show that his Bruins could not only slug but also dance sedately when they had the right Maypole.

"It was not as easy an era as it might have seemed to outsiders," said Wooden. "But it's been a tremendous era, I think. I've heard it said that any coach would have won championships with Lewis. That might be true, it really might. But they'll never know. I do."

As his son Lew and Ken Heitz smothered Rick Mount on the court (top left) and Purdue's Frank Kauffman tried vainly to retaliate, Ferdinand Alcindor played a hot trombone in UCLA band.

CONTINUED

THE WEEK HE FINALLY GOT RID OF THE YOKE

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

On the day that, traditionally, the swallows come back to Capistrano, a place not far from his California home, Lew Alcindor came back to Kentucky, a place not close to his heart. In Louisville two years ago he was named the Most Valuable Player in the NCAA championship. There again on Saturday he was to win the award a third time. Nobody before Alcindor had ever won the honor three times; maybe no one ever will again.

The obstacles to this achievement, as Alcindor knew, were psychologically ordained. For how many men, athletic or otherwise, have ever fully realized their promise? Not many, really. No, Alcindor thought last week, not many. It is probably the nature of man instead to come face to face with his potential and, ultimately, to disclaim it.

Many weird and puzzling things have occurred amidst the Alcindor regnancy at UCLA. Bitterness and disenchantment have not been absent from the scene. Through this difficult time Alcindor, wrongly, has borne much of the blame and always the pressure. He was under suspicion when Edgar Lacey quit and when Mike Lynn was put on probation for possessing a stolen credit card and when Lucius Allen got in trouble over marijuana. "This is not his business," said Coach John Wooden. "Why blame Lewis? How unfair can you be?"

Probably Alcindor's only enjoyable season was his first. He could dunk the ball then, opponents were too intimidated to rough him up and his responsibilities outside the game were few. The second year brought on the best team, perhaps the best of all teams. But it was not the happiest. In this last season, though he was more mature, outgoing and closer to his teammates than ever before, the pressures on Alcindor became harshest. Everywhere he went he was booed.

The inherent strain of the final week was hardly made easier by an article that had appeared on the previous Sunday in *West* magazine, a supplement of the *Los Angeles Times*. Written by a former official of the Black Students Union

at UCLA, it was a misleading and damaging piece that portrayed Alcindor as a racist bent on separatism and dissatisfied with his school and country.

Alcindor was greatly upset by all this and further disturbed over the use of colloquial phrases attributed to him. He felt he had been made to look foolish and illiterate. On Monday he called his teammates together to explain his side, and on Tuesday he planned to go on KNBC-TV in Los Angeles to refute most of what had been written.

Wooden, however, true to his word about imposing strict silence on all of his players until after the tournament, canceled the appearance. So it was that UCLA's final practice session in Pauley Pavilion, an otherwise proud and portentous time, was disfigured by contentious debate.

"This article was very close to libel," Alcindor said just after he had stormed out of Pauley. "I have to get myself straight with people. Now the coach has said no. He had to put in his two bits. That puts me on the spot."

Wooden later relented, and Alcindor did appear on television. He praised Wooden. "I do my job and he does his," Alcindor said. "This article reads as if the coach is a boor. He isn't. There's no static between us, he's good people."

In Louisville, Wooden's security measures to shield his players from the press offended many reporters. "Maybe I am overprotective," he said one afternoon. "But the three years haven't been easy. I think these boys are taut. We've got just a couple of days left. I don't want some little thing spoiling it all."

Just down the highway were Lynn Shackelford and Ken Heitz, in shirtsleeves under the hot Kentucky sun, probing through the brush along a creek looking for frogs. Earlier in the week the two had talked about their three years of basketball. Playing time, it seems, was the big thing. Since Lew Alcindor would be the star of every game, all team members had an obsession with how much time they spent in games. The problem was always a glut of players, said Heitz. "There were just so many

of us, all the time, every year. The only thing to aim for was not so much winning—we would win—but playing. If you had a good game you got playing time the next game. There were disappointments. I didn't get much time last season, but that's personal. Lynn got time most of the three years."

"Well, yes," said Shackelford, "but a lot of it has been boring, sitting on the bench or even playing when the other team was obviously weaker. From the start everybody said we would win three championships. That has taken a lot out of the actual accomplishment. I think it's one reason for our businesslike manner on the court. We were only doing what we'd been expected to do."

"I'm glad we won the first year, though," said Shackelford. "Now we'll have three, and a long time from now I can look back and hold that over all the teams to come along. 'What have they done?' I'll say. 'Have they done what we did?'"

On Saturday, after it was finally done and the team had regrouped at the motel, Bill Sweek, the cool swinger among them, smiled. "The yoke is removed now," he said. "Let them try and match us."

Alcindor lay on his bed for a while, relating much the same thoughts to some friends and flitting his new NCAA watch. Whenever the subject of pressure had come up during the week, he had pointed to his head and said, "It's mental. It's all up here." Now he was relieved. "I'll just say it feels nice," he said. "Everything was up in my throat all week. I could see ahead to the end, but there was apprehension and fear. Fear of losing. I don't know why, but it was there. Before the other two tournaments it didn't feel that way. This one did. But, wow, today after I came to the bench I was yelling. Wow, I was excited. We just had to bring this thing down in front again where it belongs."

He spoke of Lucius Allen and wondered why he wasn't here. "I think I'll give my watch to Lucius," he said. "He deserved it. He came over yesterday. He'll put everything together soon and

be all right. Lucius is always around. He is my man."

Later, after an alumni celebration at the Brown Hotel, Alcindor attempted to get comfortable in the front seat of a car that was making its way through the back streets of Louisville and out of town to a team dinner (Allen would be there, he thought, and most everybody else, too.) His right knee was hurting from an old injury, and his father, Ferdinand, sitting in the back, kept inquiring about it.

"It's O.K., Dad, it's fine," said Lewis, becoming impatient with the questions.

"I'll rub it a little," said his father. "I'll treat it. You better watch those things."

The car pulled over, and the two changed seats. "Wow, Dad, I'm all right. Wow," said Lewis, irritated.

"I'm just trying to be a father now, son," said Ferdinand. "I'm concerned."

"I know it, Dad," said Lewis. "I appreciate it."

The restaurant was crowded and dark. A band was playing. The team members sat around, their emotions on the table now, and reminisced about the season, the game and all the games, ever. Someone telephoned Allen as Alcindor obliged the autograph-seekers.

"Signing and signing is O.K. for a while," he said softly. "But you know something about autographs? You know where they end up? Under the couch, in the desk drawers, stashed away in files and between letters and odd stuff. That bothers me."

Alcindor kept looking for Allen. Nobody knew when he was coming. "You know, I was going to dunk there at the end," Alcindor said. "I came out of the game before I could do it, but I really wanted to dunk one, especially for the rules committee. Lucius should be here. I bet he doesn't feel right."

Finally the night grew short and fatigue set in. Lucius Allen never arrived. Still the men of UCLA sat there, all of them, the three championships won, the yoke removed, the tension at last falling away. Lew Alcindor drank champagne, and the band played *Days of Wine and Roses*.

END



Retired at last, Alcindor looks back on the turbulent past and ahead to a capitol future.

BRIGHT GIRLS IN A SMOTHER OF FOG

In the final race of the season American girls triumphed, but their success was clouded by new U.S. Ski Association policies **by BOB OTTUM**

The final stand of the World Cup ski circus, which had played out 43 races over three and a half months, came last weekend at Waterville Valley, N.H. A lot of things had been decided long before it got there—such as who most of the winners were. But if the suspense was gone by the time the teams got to town, well, it sure was nice to have all those stars around. Everyone in town knew, for example, that Karl Schranz had the men's cup won not long after

he left his quaint little pension in St. Anton and went off racing. World Cup points are calculated on a terribly complicated basis, then jotted down on old matchbook covers and carried around by committeemen in their parka pockets. But Karl had those points, all right. He had won the three toughest downhill—the Lauberhorn, the Hahnenkamm and the Kandahar—and, in spite of all that talk about racing against the ghost of Jean-Claude Killy, he was clearly hav-

ing his greatest year. In addition to the overall grand prize, which represents the combined championship, the World Cup also comes in sections; there are medals for each of the three Alpine events. Schranz came to town with the downhill and combined events cinched and the giant slalom award pretty close. As for the girls, Austria's Gertrud Gabl checked in with 28 more points than her closest rival, and about the only way she could lose was to do something terribly, terribly wrong—maybe strap her skis on backward.

With all but a few of the top prizes already locked up, the pressures of the year were off, and the Waterville weekend began in a nicely relaxed atmosphere, like a Grange winter outing with the kids. It didn't even matter much that a heavy, wet fog blotted out most of the events, except that it made everyone late to all the cocktail parties being thrown by ski equipment manufacturers, where the racers showed up to dance in bell-bottoms and bright vinyl rain hats, which are very big this spring. The Head Ski Company threw a party to introduce its bright-red glass-and-metal ski carrying the signature of J-C Killy. And then Bonnie Bell staged a party and passed out samples of its cosmetics. The foundation cream, or whatever it was, turned out to be just dandy for squaring against the walls, where it left sweet-smelling brown stains.

Things were so casual that on Thursday, when the girls got together to go giant-slalomming, one of the forerunners turned out to be Kathleen Kennedy, who is not exactly a world racer but an effervescent 17-year-old, whose mom, Ethel, chattered a lot at the bottom. Among the girls who followed, Austria's Berni Rauter beat everyone, including two Americans, dumpy Marilyn Cochran and blonde Karen Bludge, who tied for second place, only .01 of a second off the pace. The mighty Gabl finished sixth.

Gabl, who is 20, and sparkles, had won the big cup, but Marilyn, who is 19, with dimples, and lives just over the hills in Richmond, Vt., had the points to prove that she is the best girl giant-slalom racer in the world. It was a signal honor for a girl who is not Austrian or French, but just a bright, bouncy American teen-ager—one who can say, "Boy,



Marilyn Cochran won the giant slalom World Cup and Kiki Carter a slalom for Chuck and Bob.

it's sure not being a real celebrity. I mean, people used to ask me for my autograph just because I would be wearing a racing number. And then they would look at the name and be disappointed, a sort of 'Who the heck are you?' thing. But now everybody is so nice to me."

On Friday the men's giant-slam run was buried under an even fatter fog than ever. The first run was fine, with Schranz ahead as he had been most of the year. But on the second run Austria's Alfred Matt spilled high up and broke a leg. Teammate Herbert Huber was already on the course behind him and had to stop. Along came another Austrian, Heini Meisner, who also was waved off, since patrolmen were still struggling to get Matt into a toboggan. And while those two were making arrangements for a rerun, here came Schranz, booming along forcefully. He was suddenly forced to skitter off his line to avoid the whole mess. Still, he finished second, as it later turned out, and when the race was over and all the soaking-wet competitors were accounted for, Switzerland's Dumeny Giovanoli had scored the best time. The best American was Billy Kidd—sixth.

That night, in the wake of the fog on the mountain, the real smog of Waterville Valley finally began to close in. It involved what many believe to be the decline and fall of the U.S. Ski Association.

As SI reported two weeks ago, the U.S. ski world is being tugged, punched and pulled all out of shape by internal struggle. Alpine Director Bob Beattie, who pushed U.S. skiing to some pretty dizzy heights in certain areas, already had quit, so had the girls' coach, Chuck Fernes. This left of the old regime only the men's coach, Gorda Eaton, who has been helping build the team for nine years, often without pay, and Hank Tauber, who has had a very good season coaching the girls since Fernes left. But everybody knew that more shocks would follow.

The blow was delivered by the new U.S. Ski Association president, Earl Walters, a Salt Lake City contractor. He got up at a meeting of the U.S. Ski Writers Association, laconically chewing gum, and announced that Eaton and Tauber had been fired and that from

now on the whole program would be run by a committee and two new coaches. The new men are Don Henderson, who teaches skiing at New Hampshire's Holderness Prep School, and Dennis Agee of Reno, a Mammoth Mountain instructor and a junior nationals coach. Furthermore, Walters said, from now on all the fund raising will be done by a private firm, the boys and girls will race separately, as they do in Europe, and he was not sure who, but somebody, "a volunteer," will represent the U.S. at seeding fights and tour-planning sessions overseas.

The committee had screened 22 applicants for the new head coaching job. Walters said—including Eaton and Tauber—but those two had definitely not struck the committee's fancy ("It was more like a court-martial," Beattie said. "Eaton was asked if he would coach according to the direction of the committee and he said absolutely not. And that was that.")

Later, Walters allowed that the character of U.S. racing was going to be completely different. A lot will depend on the Fédération Internationale de Ski meeting coming up in May in Barcelona. The new American committee has asked that the FIS consider open ski racing, à la tennis and golf. "We do know this much," he said. "We can't go back to the samon-pure days. If the Europeans are still pros and are called amateurs, and if the Olympic Committee kicks them out, we will be forced into open racing, which means no Olympics."

"Skiing is the glamour sport of the Olympics," Walters continued. "It would be a damn shame to throw it out over this thing. But, of course, without skiing, it would make it a lot easier to figure out when and where to hold the Games."

The next day, coached by the men who were not good enough to satisfy the committee, the U.S. girls were right up on the hill and won first and third places in the slalom, a racing irony that is sure to be lost on the men who fired Eaton and Tauber.

Perky little Kiki Cutter finished first, a victory that placed her second in the World Cup slalom and fourth overall for the season, after Gabi, France's Florence Steurer and another Austrian,



Earl Walters fired the last of Beattie's boys

Wilrud Drexel, Germany's Rosi Mittermaier was second in the Waterville slalom and Judy Nagel third. Everybody crowded around Kiki, who slipped into her innocent little look. "We wanted to win it for Bob and Chuck," she said.

Then the men finished up with a slalom—Jean-Noel Augert of France winning. Nice race. It gave him second place in the World Cup combined, with Reinhard Tritscher of Austria third.

So much for the ski season: it was all over and it was followed by a final, crushing cocktail party, naturally. The racers who had been hiding firecrackers in their ski bags all winter finally got them out and a few people got bombed. The party went on and on into spring, punctuated by an awards ceremony Saturday night that nobody really needed.

"Well, next year will be different," Kiki Cutter said, solemn for a moment. "This new thing will have an effect on the kids emotionally, but I'll tell you about some of us. If we win the World Cup in 1970, it will be for Bob and Chuck."

END

A WIN FOR BOOZE AND NICOTINE

Drinking relaxes Paul Haber, and he likes to relax before an important handball match. On the eve of the four-wall final he followed his usual barroom routine and got everyone in the sport mad at him again **by PAT PUTNAM**

Paul Haber is from Milwaukee, which was no help at all to him last Friday night because he was in Austin, Texas, where the bars turn into pumpkins at midnight. And so, with the bewitching hour but 20 minutes away, he quickly drained his glass and ordered another. He had been drinking for almost six hours, while working his way into his third pack of cigarettes for the day. "I'm a great ad for booze and smoking," Haber said, "but if I win tomorrow I'll set handball back 20 years." He laughed softly.

Tomorrow would be the singles final of the United States Handball Association's four-wall championships on the showpiece glass-walled court at the University of Texas. Haber would face Billy Yambrick, a shy, religious advertising salesman who neither smokes nor drinks and who, of course, was home and asleep.

To the handball people, who get little publicity, their singles champion is tremendously important because he is their public image. And Paul Haber is a guy they wish had taken up howling. "Tennis has its bums and golf has its hustlers," said one USHA official glumly. "We've got Haber. And worst of all, he's a great player. Maybe Billy will beat him."

On Thursday night they were hoping that Stuffy Singer, the defending champion, would do it the next day in the semi-final. And if not Stuffy, well, there was always Jimmy Jacobs, the greatest four-wall player in history—and so what if he was 39 and held together by adhesive tape? Jimmy would beat Yambrick, and even if Stuffy loses, well.

Well, Stuffy lost and later, mournfully, sat in the dressing room and said, "Paul was brilliant out there today, just tremendous. He certainly deserved to win. But I'll have to say that for the best interests of handball it would have been better if he had broken his leg in the first round." (Haber labels all such comments as envy and dismisses them.)

Singer is a former child radio-TV star. He played Dogwood Bumstead's son but

today, at 27, has given up the stage for a successful career as an insurance executive. Haber was the singles champion in 1966 and 1967, an act which Stuffy, as champ, found hard to follow.

"I resent having to go around to the places where Paul has been and having to make up for the things he's done," Stuffy said. "I disliked being met with the attitude of, well, here's another hand-

ball player out to get us. I guess everybody has heard about the things he's done."

Haber does not deny most of the indiscretions attributed to him. More than once Bob Kendler, the USHA's founder and financial patron saint, has bailed him out of trouble, but Kendler loyally refuses to discuss the incidents.

Kendler is a multimillionaire home



After the tournament Haber had a large thirst to quench. This time he did it with water.

bladder out of Chicago. In the 1950s, angered by the Amateur Athletic Union, he pulled out his checkbook and asked the AAU's rebelling handballers to follow him. They did and he has been picking up the tab ever since. At the moment he is setting up a \$1 million trust fund so the USHA will survive after his death. He is 64.

"I love handball and I love people," Kendler says. "And I am a Christian Scientist. If I ever had one wish, it would be to wish for the power to heal. But I know I will never be a great healer medically so I try to do it with what I have—money. That's why I helped Paul. I just can't turn a handball kid down."

Kendler shook his head. "I can't remember all the kids I've got out of jail, the kids who got women into trouble, all the babies and hospital bills I've paid for; the kids I've found homes for. I've seen a lot of healing in handball. They say Paul's done some bad things. Maybe he has. But that doesn't mean he will in the future. Let's give him a chance."

"Would you like to see him win the championship, then?" someone asked.

"Well," said Kendler slowly, "I guess for the image, it would be better if. . ."

And then Jimmy Jacobs was gone, a loser in two straight games to Yambrick. Jacobs had won the USHA's singles championship six times, the doubles five times. But he had come to Austin with a bad back, two broken ribs, a painful bone bruise on the palm of his right hand and a tight and swollen right forearm, all of which he stubbornly denied having.

"I went out on the court and Billy went out on the court," said Jacobs, "and we closed the door and played. I felt fine but he won, and that means he's the better player."

Paul Haber swirled the drink in his glass. He stared at it moodily. He is 32, extremely intelligent, a scratch golfer.

"Look," he said, "I know a lot of people don't like me. But I didn't come out here to win friends; I came out to win the handball championship. Dammit, if they ever gave me the sportsmanship trophy, I'd give up handball. And I can't understand why everybody doesn't feel the same way. So I drink and smoke. I've been doing it since I was a kid. Why should I quit just because I'm playing a game?"

Mary, his bride of two weeks, who was sitting beside him, laid a hand on his arm. "I've heard a lot of things and I've seen a lot of things," she said, "and if all the things I heard about Paul were true I never would have married him. Yes, during a tournament he's rude and crude and I'm embarrassed. He's such a bad ass at a tournament. But it's not him, it's his competitiveness. No matter what he does he wants to win—has to win. A bad apple, but when we get away from the tournament he's a different guy, a sweet guy."

"But I still drink," said Haber, grinning.

"My honey gets bombed out of his hirs, he really does," said Mary, laughing. "But he needs to relax. It never seems to hurt his playing."

"In a tournament in New Orleans last month we really tore things up," said Haber. "Drunk all night, handball all day. I got about an hour's sleep each night. I lost the first game in every match. I was still trying to find out if I was alive or not. But I won the tournament and I had to play two tough matches the last day."

Haber stood up. "Guess I'd better get some sleep," he said. "Billy drank his hot milk and has been getting his zzzs since 9 o'clock."

The first game went as some had sourly prophesied. Haber won 21-11. Early in the game a baby in the gallery cried out.

Haber stopped play. "Is there a baby up there?" he shouted.

"Yeah," shouted a fan. "Do you want him down there?" But the woman with the baby left. Mary Haber looked embarrassed.

In the second game Yambrick, who had never beaten Haber in seven previous major tournament finals, came to life, built a big lead and coasted home 21-5. The crowd of 1,200, largest in handball history, stirred excitedly.

Haber quickly unstirred them. After a 10-minute rest he came back strong, built leads of 6-1 and then 15-3 and won the game, the match and the championship 21-14.

"I just don't understand Billy," Haber said later, frowning. "This is the eighth time I've beaten him in a final, four of them for national titles. And he never says boo. If it were me I'd be looking to kill the guy."



In the five match on Austin's glass-walled court Yambrick scrambles for a Haber shot

END

POEM OF A RUN BY FORD AND FERRARI

After playing it cool in practice for Sebring, a Ford GT-40 driven by a Belgian and an Englishman nipped the resurgent Italians by a single record-breaking lap **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Ferraris are red,
Lolas are blue,
Porsches are white
And will finish one-two.

It scanned, it sang and it promised, but the graffiti on the men's room wall outside the Sebring racecourse last week only proved that lairine prophets are as prone to error as all others. The single scarlet V-12 prototype entered by Enzo Ferrari in Saturday's 12 hours of speed and endurance ran quickly but steamily and finished only second. The blue Lola-Chevrolet of Roger Penske, which had won Daytona's 24-hour race (SI, Feb. 10), held the lead briefly, and a sister Lola, Actor James Garner's entry, challenged right on down to an hour before the checkered flag fell, only to end up sixth. A plentitude of Porsche 908 Spiders (five of them, plus another offered up to practice and cannibalization), avoided the camshaft calamities that had wiped them out at Daytona but fell victim to another epidemic: weak rear suspensions. Though they finished third, fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth, they couldn't fulfill the promise of the men's room wall.

That success—and sugar sweet it was—went to the blue and orange Ford GT-40 of John Wyer, the cool, can-do Englishman whose cars won the International Manufacturers' Championship last year. In the wetter and sweeter of Sebring doings last week, Wyer's team had gone almost unnoticed in pre-race activity—just as he wished. Sebring, af-

ter all, is as much show as go—a lot of motorcar noise in a customarily quiet mid-Florida town that both relishes and resents the car people's intrusion.

Going to Sebring is like stepping into a time machine and emerging in 1946. It's all dumbbell-shaped telephones and cuffed trousers and canasta games. Even the racecourse, a converted World War II air base, carries out the motif. According to some of the Porsche drivers, whose cars took the worst beating, the roadbed is worse than the Caucasus was when the Panzerkorps were out of Russia in '43.

Even so, Sebring enjoyed its hottest, closest race since 1955, when Carroll Shelby and Phil Hill ran a Ferrari down to the wire against the D-Jaguar of Mike Hawthorn and Phil Walters. It also attracted kids in helmet liners that read "Born To Raise Hell" and ski burns and lissome chicks in leopard-patterned miniskirts.

And it brought Ferrari back onto the circuit after a year's absence. That alone was enough to guarantee a record turnout well over the 50,000 high of 1966. The car itself was out of the traditional Ferrari mold—a brutish wedge of automotive power, guttural as a rutting stag. The drivers were New Zealand's quick young Chris Amon, 25, darling of the road and formula circuits, and Nazareth, Pa.'s own Mario Andretti, 29, the gimlet-eyed go-getter of Indy and the lonesome roads. Italy's "other" car company, Alfa Romeo, entered a full



Winning co-driver Jackie Ickx is framed by

team for the first time this year, headed by England's former world champion, John Surtees, and Sicily's Nino Vaccarella, a seasoned endurance man.

And if that wasn't enough, last year's Sebring winner, Porsche, had transformed the long-tailed, fully roofed sedans of 1968 (and Daytona) into open coupes. They sacrificed a bit of speed on the straights but handled easily in Sebring's washboard corners and provided more "driver comfort" than at Daytona, where leaky exhausts turned the drivers blue every few laps.

Practice and qualifying revealed that all the major contenders were faster than anything Sebring had seen before. Even



Window in Ford GT-40 is upturned rear deck

the Ford GT-40s, hardly anyone noticed them as they chugged just fast enough to be respectable but not so quickly as to be menacing.

Everyone studied the skies on race-day morning, for rain would have required the installation of bilge pumps in the Porsches and the open-top Ferraris, and neither team was so equipped. Rain also would have turned the race into a regatta (the drainage of the Sebring course is about as effective as that of the Gulf Stream).

Blissfully, the day broke clear, calm and concordant with everyone's wishes. There were a few foul-ups, to be sure. Alfa's John Surtees suddenly withdrew, possibly because of conflicting tire contracts (he's a Firestone guy, and the Alfas were wearing Dunlops), or maybe because he could see what was coming. Alfa's mechanics failed to tighten the left rear wheel lugs on one of their cars, with the result that the wheel came off after one lap.

Porsche had problems, too. Moments before the Le Mans-style start, the #11 of Maryland's Jim Netterstrom was up on blocks, mechanics probing into its engine. That was bad news, since it was Netterstrom who, at Daytona, inadvertently wiped out the French Matra—and who might have done the same this day to its Italian counterpart. Still, Netterstrom made it onto the track, along with the rest of the field of 70.

After the starting scramble the Porsches led for 30 laps and then the Penske Lola took charge. Subsequently, what with pit stops and traffic and rubber pylons at the corners eddying up against some cars, each of the contenders had his turn. Roco Steinemann, Porsche's team manager, sent his quickest driver, Switzerland's Jo Siffert, into an early lead, holding back the gentler duo of Joe Buzzetta and Gerhard Mitter in hopes of coming on strong toward the end. Penske's drivers, Mark Donohue and Ronnie Bucknum, who customarily don't fall for such bait, charged right after the Porsches, as did Ferrari's Amon and Andretti. However, Wyr's drivers, Belgian Jackie Ickx and Englishman Jack Oliver, hung back and kept their car healthy. As the sun skidded down toward the timing pits, the wear on the rest became evident.

Porsches began failing with broken suspension arms. (The Germans are swift to remove their dead; soon two cars,

draped in see-through plastic, were lying in state beside the big Porsche van.) No sooner had Ronnie Bucknum given way to Donohue in a midafternoon pit stop than the husky Lola cracked—its suspension stricken by the wrenching, wriggly course. By this time the Ferrari had begun to smoke like Vesuvius and was pulling in frequently for symptomatic treatment—gallons of water into the car and quarts more over the steaming windshield and hood. On one stop Andretti looked parboiled, and his engineers quickly scissored a vent in the sizzling fiber glass over his feet.

The GT-40s were having their own troubles. Wyr's second car went out just before sunset, having lost a door and broken its front suspension. Oliver and Ickx had to perform like Houdinis in changing places, since their own door only opened about eight inches. Fortunately both drivers are as small as they are steady.

After dark Ferrari was solidly in the lead—until Andretti pulled in for 10 minutes and 50 seconds of watering. Only three Porsches were left in the race, all with rebuilt rear suspensions, and Jo Siffert—now carless—came up to commiserate with the cooking Mario. By the time Andretti got back out and running, Oliver had surged ahead in the GT-40. Sensing a potential need for his presence in victory lane, Wyr sipped a cool glass of milk and donned his blazer, while his Ford crewmen donned number's lamps against possible emergency work within the car's innards. Well into the 11th hour, Oliver whipped in for a pit stop, Ickx took over, and from then on Ferrari never had a chance.

Though the quick red Ferrari closed on Ickx at a rate of five seconds each lap, it was not enough. Still, when the flag came down and the champagne flowed—some of it over Oliver's head, making him look like something out of Dickens—as much of the crowd's applause was for Amon, Andretti and the new Ferrari as for the winners. Both cars had bettered the Sebring single-lap speed record, and the Ferrari had equaled the record of 238 laps, but the Wyr Ford had gone it one better. Its 239 laps over the 5.2-mile course came to 1,242.8 miles at a record speed of 163.363 mph.

And so Wyr had another sip of milk, the graffiti artists departed and Sebring returned to 1946.

the Alfas, which looked a bit tinny on the rough spots approaching the infamous Esses and the Hairpin, were turning the course in close to the record lap time of 111.032 mph set by the late Mike Spence. Penske's Lola zipped around in 116 mph, only to be topped by Amon in the Ferrari. Those who watched Amon negotiate the Esses claim that he cheated a bit—he went straight across rather than wiggling through, but the steam coming from the Ferrari, which was overheating, might have clouded their vision. The Porsches played it safe, driving a good two seconds slower than their chief competitors in order to save the engines and the frail chassis of the new Spyder coupes. As for

THE BIG ZINGER FROM BINGER

Johnny Bench is a small-town boy, but there is nothing small-time about his arm or his hitting or his confidence. Only 21, he fully expects to become baseball's first \$100,000 catcher **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

In today's expansion-diluted market it is often possible to regard the major league catcher as a sort of convenience, somebody to stop the ball from hitting the umpire when the batter misses it and to get the ball back to the mound. Dazzling young pitchers seem to pop up with astonishing regularity, and there is even a recent case of two

of a good young hitter. They are the equivalent of Hollywood starlets, and only time will tell how substantial they are. But a truly brilliant young catcher? Less than a dozen have come along in the 100 years professional baseball has been played, less than a dozen, to carry the moving-picture analogy farther, who burst upon the scene as accomplished

as young Spencer Tracys. Well, the Cincinnati Reds have a young Spencer Tracy. His name is Johnny Bench and already he is being called the best all-round catcher in the game today.

For his age, 21, Bench is the best of all time. Last year, by the end of his rookie season with Cincinnati, he was batting cleanup on the top hitting team in

BENCH, WHO CAN BLOCK THE PLATE WITH THE BEST, IS NOT MOVED OUT BY TIM MCCARVER



the majors. He was the 1968 Rookie of the Year following his selection as 1967 Minor League Player of the Year. And he is the man whose Carolina League uniform will never be worn again, because it has been retired.

To appreciate Johnny Bench fully, one must first watch him throw. Jimmy Durante is more than merely a superb nose, and Bench is more than merely a great arm, but he is unimaginable without it. It is about the size of a good healthy leg, and it works like a recoilless rifle. It even awes pitchers. George Culver, who threw well enough for the Reds himself last year to win 11 games, one a no-hitter, says, "I wish I had his arm." Or his hand, even. It is big enough, according to Bench's own aversion, to hold

seven balls at once—and to grip one ball way out on the end of his fingers so that he gets a lot of whip. Sandy Koufax did not have such a meaty hand, but he had those long fingers. Dizzy and Paul Dean used to pull on young Paul's fingers when he was growing up, but as good as that boy's genes were his fingers would not stretch enough.

The other day in Miami, against the Orioles, Bench struck out twice and went 0 for 3, lowering his spring batting average to .400. Uncharacteristically, he even misjudged a windblown pop-up, and let it fall in for a three-foot single. But he looked magnificent even while losing the ball.

Dave McNally, Pete Richert and the other Baltimore pitchers who were not

needed that day were sitting in the stands behind the plate. They watched Bench go through the age-old ritual of "throw-in' it down." "Comin' down," the catcher cries as he gathers in the last of the pitcher's warmup tosses and pegs the ball to the second baseman, who casually flips it to the shortstop, as if they all come in that way—stinging.

For Bench it is not a ceremonial occasion. It is another good chance to hum one. It is a time for what is known in throwing circles as "serious heat." "When you finish your warmups and relax, you'd better watch out," says Culver. "He's liable to hit you right between the eyes."

For a catcher to rise up amid his grotesque impedimenta, as Bench does, cock his arm like a flash and shoot the ball out with enough velocity to beat a runner to second without either attaining appreciable loft or failing off at the end is one of the wonders of cultivated nature. The only comparable thing would be a bear that really danced well.

But it is not just that Bench throws hard. There are a lot of kids in the minors who can do that. Major league catchers—Bill Freehan of Detroit, for example—usually throw with less steam but with more accuracy, and they get the ball away quicker. Bench throws with the fire of a wild young gunner and yet the finesse and dispatch of a Freehan.

During the game in Miami, the Baltimore players, several of whom had played against Bench in Puerto Rico in the winter of 1967, were shouting, "Oh, we're going to steal three or four today." They did not even try. In the fourth inning Brooks Robinson, as good an example of a big-league ballplayer as there is, strayed slightly away from first base. Zap, a bolt from the Red. Bench's throw arrived on the wrong side of the base but the ball got there so abruptly that Lee May had plenty of time to apply it to Robinson, scrambling back.

"I don't get picked off very often," Robinson said in the dressing room afterward. "I have never seen a better arm. I'd say he and Gus Trandoss have about the best arms I've ever seen. And he throws better than Gus."

This just covers Bench's arm. Overall, he is a full-sized, full-featured, high-cheekboned Oklahoma boy, one-eighth

continued

SCORING ON HOMER HE IGNORES McCARVER, HIS MAIN RIVAL FOR CATCHING EMINENCE



Choctaw Indian on his father's side. Six feet one, 195 pounds and built a little like a long-legged Yogi Berra, he gets so high up on his toes when he crouches that on each foot only one front spike and a corner of another is in the dirt.

Last year Bench played in 154 games, a record for a rookie catcher. In a pitcher's season he hit .275, with 40 doubles (third in the league) and 15 home runs, and had 82 runs batted in. At the end of the year he was voted the Golden Glove as the best defensive catcher in the league (the first rookie to win it) and made the player-selected *Sporting News* national all-star team. Gabby Hartnett, Roy Campanella, Mickey Cochrane, Roger Bresnahan, Bill Dickey, Ernie Lombardi, Ray Schalk or Yogi Berra never played that many games in a season, and only Berra and Schalk ever came very close. Those immortals were, respectively, 23, 28, 22, 22, 22, 24, 22 and 23 before they had become nearly as established or had anywhere near as good a year as Bench had at 20. And he is already—unlike Tim McCarver, Freehan, Joe Torre, Jerry Grote,

Randy Hundley or any other of the first-rate catchers of today—being equated with the best old ones in their prime.

True, Bench also led the league last year in passed balls with 18 (he has a habit of snatching at outside pitches). And although he is a good, determined pull hitter who is learning to go to the opposite field as well and baseball men are predicting he will hit 30 home runs a year, he may never be as good a batter as Dickey or the others at their best. Nobody may. But the important things are that he is the heir to a great tradition and his future stretches out in front of him the way the diamond does when he hunkers down.

That is the way Johnny Bench and his father Ted planned it, back home in Binger, Okla., which is 600 people and two blocks of downtown. ("We're the peanut capital of the world in that area," says Johnny.) "I never thought it would come so fast," he says now, "but my father said catching was the quickest way to the big leagues, because that's what they needed. And I've been planning on being in the majors since the first grade."

Ted was a semipro catcher who might have had a professional career if it had not been for World War II. He sold natural gas in Binger, and now he and Mrs. Bench live in a house bachelor John bought for them near Cincinnati. John pitched and played first and third on Binger's nine-man state championship baseball squad and a neighboring town's American Legion team and was an honorable-mention high-school All-America guard in basketball. "But I was always known as a catcher," he says.

It was as a catcher that he was drafted in 1965 by the Reds, whose scouts had seen him go 1 for 8 in two Legion games but liked the way he threw and moved around. He signed for probably not much more than \$10,000 and went straightaway to Tampa of the Florida State League, where he began immediately to belie his surname. He was Tampa's regular catcher that year, and in 1966 he was Peninsula's. It was that Class A team that retired his uniform after he set a club home run record. The widely circulated story that he was given a parade to the airport by Peninsula fans that August, when Buffalo called him up, is a little overblown, he says. It was just that there was going to be a Johnny Bench Night and it rained. A few carloads of fans came anyway and drove him to his plane.

Then, in his first game at Buffalo, Bench broke his thumb. So he had to wait until '67 to be named Player of the Year in the minors—on the basis of just 98 games. He was leading the International League in RBIs that year and had hit 23 home runs when Cincinnati called him up from Buffalo in August.

"Don't get the idea he's a savior," Reds Manager Dave Bristol told reporters. "He's just a kid." But Bench became the Reds' No. 1 catcher at 19, remaining in the lineup until he cut his hand badly in late September.

"If he hits .220," said Bristol the next spring, "he'll still be a big asset." Bench, meanwhile, was predicting that he would hit 15 homers, drive in 80 runs and bat around .270. And he said he was going to be Rookie of the Year, because no catcher ever had been before. (The laceration in '67 preserved his freshman status by shelving him just before he exceeded 90 at bats.)

John Pavletich started the season, but he got hurt in the fifth game, and the field was clear for Bench to fulfill his prophecies. Although he did not start hitting his weight until May, Bristol stuck with him. In August he hit over .300 and in September he hit five home runs. He started out batting seventh, then moved to sixth, fifth and finally fourth. He was also doing exceptionally well receiving. Berra saw him catch at 17 in Tampa and said, "He can do it all now." At 20 he was doing it all better.

The pitcher, in baseball, is the young officer who pushes the buttons and gets the credit. But the catcher, not as noticeable behind the plate, is the top sergeant who puts everything together. He is the focus of what is happening—and he is particularly the focus if he is Johnny Bench. A catcher, for instance, has to chasten the base runners. Lou Brock of St. Louis, who led both leagues in stolen bases last year, says of Bench, "He keeps you alive out there." A catcher has to learn the hitters' weaknesses and exploit them by calling for the right combination of pitches. Reds Reliever Clay Carroll says, "Last year he knew all the hitters already. I tell him, 'Just give me the signs and I'll throw them,' because I know he'll mix them up real good." A catcher also must:

- Provide a good target. Calver, "He's wide. When a catcher's big like that he looks a lot closer."



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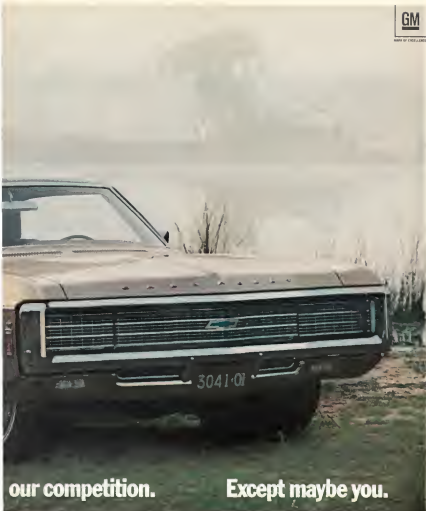
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- Be nimble, Carroll: "He moves around back there like a little rat."
- Divide his loyalties in the conflict that, by and large, polarizes pitchers and hitters. Reds Righthander Tony Cloninger: "He's a good hitter, but he doesn't talk about that all the time. In between innings he'll talk about your pitching."
- Read the pitcher's mind. The Reds' Jim Maloney: "Every time I'd think, 'Gee, I hope he'll call a curve,' boom, he'd drop down two fingers for the curve."
- Overrule the pitcher's mind. Reds Coach Hal Smith: "Arrigo has a good fastball but likes to throw his curve. You've got to make him throw the fastball. Johnny's good at that kind of thing."
- Take charge. Carroll: "He's out there hollering let's go, let's hustle, and he tells you where to throw to. He hollers out, too. He doesn't just say 'first.'"
- Last, but just as important, a catcher is the troll who guards the plate—if necessary, balletically. In a game against the Cubs last June, Bench took a high throw from the outfield and swept his glove across the sliding runner's spikes with the grace of a somewhat encumbered Nureyev. "I still don't believe it," says Leo Durocher. "I've never seen that play executed so precisely."

In Binger after last season 5,000 enthusiasts showed up for Johnny Bench Day. Bench, who had been valedictorian of his high school class three years before, rewarded them with more than the customary words of the modest hero returned. And he spent the rest of the off season making two or three appearances a week for the Reds' speaker's bureau. He told the civic clubs of the tri-state area (Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana) that Binger was "two and a half miles beyond Resume Speed," and that the way to deal with Brock when he broke for second was to "throw to third and head him off."

"Johnny will come up to you for the first time and it's like you've known him forever," says Culver. The tri-state civic clubs could not get enough of him. "He'd be a real asset to any organization," says a Reds official.

Bench, who is not exactly a retiring violet, had something of the same idea, and thus it was with a certain amount of shock at contract time that he found the Reds unwilling to meet his asking price for '69. So he held out and got his \$25,000.

continued

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As it happens, there has never been a \$100,000 catcher. "Yeah, well, there hasn't been until now," says Bench. "There's going to be one. If McCarver doesn't make it first, I'd like to make more than \$100,000."

"I have some mutual funds and some stocks started. It would cost me more to have a financial adviser now than the finances I have. But a good year this year and I'll have an agent. I want to be comfortable when I get out. I'd like to have some time off to rest and to do what I want. Like Ted Williams."

According to Culver, Bench is sometimes called Corkhead—because of the size of his head. "He hates it," says Culver, "but a guy like that, you don't want to think of an ordinary name like Cork."

"Most guys you read so much about, you see them a couple of times and eh . . . but John always lives up to it. He's a little too cocky sometimes. He got a little pumped up last year. But with all that publicity, there would have been something wrong with him if he hadn't."

One day last year a girl brought Bench a scrapbook of his clippings that she had compiled and wanted him to autograph. Before signing it he could not resist the temptation to go through it. One by one a dozen or so Reds came up behind him and started reading it over his shoulder. When, at length, he looked up and saw the crowd that had assembled, he turned a good seven-eighths Redman. It was one of the few times anybody can remember seeing him embarrassed.

"Someday I'd like to sing," Bench said last week. "I'd have to take a lot of lessons. But I'd like to know in my mind that I could sing and other people would enjoy me. As to what kind of singing, I'd just have to see. I don't think I could be a psychedelic singer or anything like that."

"Now, I like to go to discotheques. I do the Funky Broadway, the Tighmen Up, the Four-Corner and the Horse. In Tampa the dancing hasn't caught up to Cincinnati's. In Oklahoma they just

have teen hops. I avoid those, I guess."

"I don't think I could go anywhere without music. In the car or at home. It's hard for me to sit down and read a book. I don't know what I've got in my blood, but it keeps me running right now." He lives in The Forum, a Cincinnati apartment complex for young singles, and he has plenty of social life, but by all accounts he does not dissipate.

So, granted that he takes care of himself and granted that catching was a good passport into the big time—don't catchers wear out awfully fast? "Well," he says, "you find the old catchers still around, because they can catch the ball. But it's true that a catcher's plentiful years are short. I don't figure to be around playing for 20 years. I don't want to be."

But he is going to be around long enough for everybody to forget the Funky Broadway. Whatever the dance is 10 to 15 years from now, ballplayers probably will be doing it to Johnny Bench's tune. **END**

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THE OLD BOYS ARE STILL BEST

When their college days are over, All-America lacrosse players cannot look forward to cash bonuses—there is no professional version of the sport. But that doesn't mean they quit. Since the 1920s vast numbers have joined the Mount Washington (amateur) Lacrosse Club, the pride of Baltimore and one of the most successful athletic dynasties in history. Although many of its players are in their 30s and pursuing nonsports careers, Mount Washington has won 94 games and lost only eight in the past 10 years in competition against the top college and club teams. In 14 seasons since 1935 it has been undefeated. As the scenes on the following pages show, it is a sporting phenomenon.

Warming up—gently—before a game, Jim Kappler plays catch with his son John. Above, Al Seivold (18) is about to score against Rutgers in another Mount victory.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY DE CARAVA







When Mount Washington leaves the field at halftime, the players' sons and other kid admirers take over and make like All-Americans, minus the regalia shown above.



In the team's clubhouse Ben Goertemiller—a full-time lawyer and part-time coach—discusses strategy with his veteran players.

Matches and practice sessions bring out the team families, and many wives, like Mrs. Goertemiller (far right), are expert viewers.





A CROWD OF ALL-AMERICAS DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW

The Most Valuable Player on the best lacrosse team in the land—selected each year by vote of his teammates—gets a drinking cup with his name engraved on it. The gesture is representative of the amateur quality of the Mount Washington operation. "This club is the antithesis of professional sport," says Ben Goertemiller, the blond, square-jawed lawyer who has coached the team for the past seven years. "In the pros both time and money are provided. Around here the only thing provided is a chance to play. The only compensation is the spirit of competing and the satisfaction of winning. A lot of our older players get banged around pretty well out there, but they come right back for more. I don't think you can find a better example of true dedication anywhere."

The scene at an empty Baltimore parking lot on a Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago bore out Goertemiller's words. Most of the city's population was huddled indoors reading the comics or watching the *NBA Game of the Week* while a cold, wet snowfall made the streets miserable. In the parking lot a crowd of former All-Americans, wearing sweat suits, full pads and sneakers, were passing, shooting and running over the snow and through the puddles like a bunch of fraternity boys on the front lawn in June. TV, the funnies, Sunday dinner would all have to wait: Mount Washington's opening game with the University of Maryland was only three weeks away and these were among the few hours in the week that the doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, bankers and advertising men who make up the team could all get together for practice. (After the season starts workouts are held Tuesday and Thursday nights as well.)

This kind of thing has been going on since 1906, the year Mount Washington decided to stop fooling around with a number of other games and concentrate on lacrosse. (By no coincidence, it was about the time that Baltimore began to consider itself the sport's world capital.) Even the record-keeping has been purely amateur—no one really knows how many games the club has won and lost over the years. The most educated guess is that since 1925 the record is 358-31, with three ties. From 1938 to 1954, when W. Oster (Kid) Norris was coach, the record was 144-13-1.

Still, the club's only monument is this casual collection of figures—no golden dome or multithousand-seat stadium. Along the Jones Falls Expressway in northwest Baltimore there is a modest clubhouse, but don't try to find it without precise directions. The walls of the team's dressing room are cinder block, not tile, and there is no sauna, whirlpool or wall-to-wall carpeting. A hand-lettered sign taped to the equipment room door says: TAPE WILL BE PROVIDED ONLY FOR GAMES. FOR PRACTICE, 25¢ A ROLL. Players bring their own sticks and shoes. The club provides helmets, shoulder pads and blue-and-gold game jerseys, and when the team goes on the road the drivers get their expenses paid by the club. Mount Washington supports itself solely through gate receipts from its home games, and prices vary according to the competition. The big game with Hopkins might bring \$2.50 a ticket.

Jerry Schnydmann, a 24-year-old advertising man who was an All-America at Hopkins despite his size (5' 1", 150 pounds), experienced a typical reaction when he joined the club. "When I first

came out, I couldn't believe the desire and determination these players had," he says. "They're guys with families, just getting together for the fun of it. But if they don't win they don't have any fun. When these guys lose—God, they can't believe it. It just kills them."

"Last year against Rutgers we were behind 9-3 at the half," Goertemiller recalls, "and six goals is a lot of goals. They had us all disorganized. But nobody panicked. At halftime we just talked things over and reminded each other about what we knew we could do. Then the guys went out for the second half. We beat Rutgers 15-13."

Mount Washington wins its games with finesse—in stickwork and tactics—and its style is ball control, a product of necessity as much as design. When the team gains possession of the ball and flees into the attacking zone, it will usually slow things down—to set somebody up, of course, but also to rest the defensemen who have been under attack at the other end of the field. Says Goertemiller, "When the game's in the third quarter and one of our older players gets flattened by some big 19-year-old from Navy, we've got to give him a chance to catch his breath."

Since Mount Washington practically has its pick of All-Americans, the roster through the years reads like a Hall of Fame, from Bill Schmeisser and Phil Lamb of the early days, to Gus Wyle and Kid Norris, to current players like Jim (Hy) Levasseur and the Seivold brothers, Joe and Al. Jim Kappler, the goalie, was one of the finest ever to play the game. "Jim retired a few years ago, but he came back last season," says Goertemiller. "The team was in trouble and needed him. It's pretty tough to retire, you know, because winning can be so much fun. My toughest job as coach is keeping these fellows from getting overconfident. But I can see their point—when they go out there they know they're the best there is, and they know the other team knows it too!"

—GARY RONBERG

That is no spy eavesdropping on Mount Washington's huddle, it is Al Seivold's son, learning the game from the ground up. At a recent club dinner dance, player Herb Better is a smooth performer.

The fishing trip to Mazatlán started off with a blast. Several, in fact. We were sitting in a saloon called Cascada on Saturday night sloshing Margaritas and turning on to the mariachi band when El Arquitecto pointed into a dark corner and said: "There sits Mexico's James Bond." James Bond? He stood about 5' 6", wore curly blond hair, a tall English girl friend draped around his neck and the face of a slightly horrid Botticelli angel. His name was Major Jorge Carranza-Peniche, 28, and he packed a Colt .45 automatic pistol against the small of his back, tucked in the waistband of his trousers. We all examined the .45 with the superior air of *pistoleros*—even the mariachis took a look—while El Arquitecto revealed the major's record to us. Jorge worked for the Mexican narcotics bureau and in 1967 alone had captured more than 284 tons of marijuana, 640 kilos of heroin and 2½ tons of opium; he had once parachuted onto an offshore island to capture half a dozen escaped prisoners. The magic of the Margaritas and the music of the mariachis made it seem logical for me to challenge Jorge Carranza-Peniche to a shooting match.

The next day Jorge and his English girl whirled into the parking lot of the Balboa Club just before sundown, he with a fully loaded M-14 automatic rifle and his .45, she with a pussycat grin and a tight pants suit that matched her mauve Lotus Elan. On the beach we set up two coconuts and a piece of roofing slate as targets, then stood back 50 yards to shoot—long-range for the pistol, but short for the M-14. The shooting was into the sunset, and the shrimp boats were creeping down the coast, well within ricochet range. The challenger shot first, and the roofing slate burst into what used to be called smithereens. Full of *marachismo*, I thought the shrimp boats seemed to flinch.

Some 30 shots later it was a Mexican standoff in the best tradition: a hat apiece and 31 misses. Jorge and I strode away from the pile of shell cases exchanging compliments.

"Don't take it too badly, Roberto," El Arquitecto later consoled me. "To-

MARLIN LOVER OF MAZATLÁN

A compassionate entrepreneur fights gringo bloodlust in an effort to save sport fishing in the Sea of Cortez by ROBERT F. JONES



BILL HEMPEL SCANS JOHN STEINBECK'S DEEP BLUE SEA AND PONDERES ITS FUTURE

morrow you go fishing with my brother-in-law, Heimpel. You *can't* have as many misses with the marlin as with the pistol."

El Arquitecto is Sergio Pruneda, 40, delegate from the state of Sinaloa to the Mexican Department of Tourism and principal architect of the new, attractive buildings in Mazatlán. Heimpel, El Arquitecto's brother-in-law, is Wilhelm Kurt Heimpel, 43, known as Bill to his predominantly American clientele and owner of the largest sport-fishing fleet in the most productive marlin port of the Western Hemisphere.

About all that the brothers-in-law have in common are lovely wives, successful professions and an abundance of facial hair: Sergio wears a trim Mephistophelean beard, Bill a broad, bushy Frito-banito mustache. Where Sergio is all winks, shrugs and Latin ebullience, Bill is reserved almost to the point of introspection, a keen listener and observer, as befits a man of the sea. In a sense, the two men typify the best characteristics of the city itself.

The seaport of Mazatlán, 600 miles south of Juárez, is quite unlike the better-known tourist towns of Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta farther down the line. Mazatlán has a real live self-contained economy of its own. Its 110,000 inhabitants earn their daily tortillas in such unglamorous occupations as shrimping, shoe manufacture and the cultivation of hemp (hence Jorge Carranza). The town fathers point with pride to eight banks, a foundry, a brewery housed in a skyscraperlike structure that is vaguely reminiscent of a windowless Pan Am Building and a thriving, if maledorous, fertilizer plant.

Even during the siesta Mazatlán's downtown echoes to the honking and huffing of small cars known locally as *palmovías* (pneumovias). Its buildings demonstrate the best of contemporary Mexican architecture; a clean, hard-edged thrust coupled with a warmly Mexican concern for color and detail. And Mazatlán is, finally, clean, clean, clean. Olas Altas, the sinuous tram drag along the seawall, is spotless compared to New York's Park Avenue, while the open-

air cafés and bodegas that line it are freer of flies than Stockholm. Even the old brothel on the hilltop, the *Estrotofera* (Stratosphere Club), which boasted the most splendid view of any bawdy house in the world, has been closed down for the sake of civic virtue.

Yet there is sin of a sort in Mazatlán—at least in the eyes of a few sportsmen and conservationists. Bill Heimpel foremost among them, who deplores the needless assassination each year of some 3,000 marlin and sailfish by visiting gringo fishermen. Not that there are any fewer billfish in evidence off Mazatlán this year than there were buffalo on the Great Plains a century ago. Indeed, Mazatlán is sited on perhaps the richest lode of marlin and sailfish in the world. It perches on a promontory hard by the mouth of the Sea of Cortez (known less romantically as the Gulf of California), a giant fish trap whose seaward net is the dry and empty peninsula of Baja California.

Migratory fish moving up the west coast of Mexico turn eagerly into the Gulf, where they find ideal conditions for feeding and breeding: shallow, warm waters that are soupy with plankton and therefore teeming as well with baitfish, which in turn lure the big pelagic predators—blue, black and striped marlin, sailfish, dolphin, yellowfin tuna, skipjack and bonito, sierra mackerel, roosterfish and, of course, the omnipresent and omnivorous sharks.

All of the creatures in this seagoing supermarket thrash out their lives in water so intensely blue that beside it Ektachrome pales to black and white. John Steinbeck, in his *Log from the Sea of Cortez* (1941), describes the color as "a deep ultramarine blue—a washtub bluing blue." Everywhere he cruised in the Gulf—from the Colorado Delta, with its 20-foot tidal bores, past the old pirate island of Tiburón, to the headlands of Mazatlán and Cabo San Lucas—Steinbeck was struck by the vigor and voracity of the game fish: "Near the moving boat swordfishes played about. They seemed to play in pure joy or exhibitionism. It is thought that they leap to clear themselves of parasites; they jump

clear of the water and come crashing down, and sometimes they turn over in the air and flash in the sunlight."

Nobody knows much more about the marlin's motives for leaping—or for any of its behavior—than was known nearly a generation ago when Steinbeck cruised these waters.

"Hell, we don't even know where the billfish breed," laments Bill Heimpel, one of the few Mazatlancos who show as much interest in studying the billfish as in catching them. That's something of an irony, since Heimpel's Star Fleet is *numero uno* among Mazatlán's sport-fishing fleets. Operating mainly from December through March, Heimpel's 12 boats (double the number of his nearest competition) capture 3,000 marlin and sail a year, plus uncounted lesser breeds. Last year 714 of those billfish were tagged and released for migratory study by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and this year Heimpel hopes to increase that proportion to one in every three. It will be difficult, he admits, since few fishermen—especially his own boat captains and crews—share his compunctions. For the *norteamericanos*, who pay from \$60 to \$78 a day for a Star Fleet boat, it is usually the first time out on the blue water, and they want that dockside photograph to hang up on the office wall showing themselves posed proudly under the weighing hoist with their catch. As for the Mexican crew members, they get \$1.25 to \$1.50 a fish by selling the catch to the local fertilizer plant. And you can't sell a tagged marlin. That extra 12 bits means a lot to a skipper who earns \$5 a day for eight hours of chasing tail fins all over the ocean.

In the introduction to a small handbook of fishing phrases that Heimpel gives to each charter party, he urges fishermen who prefer to tag their fish to tell the captain in advance that he will be paid the fertilizer price. Still the communications barrier stands in the way. Two highly experienced California anglers, Bud Smith of Oxnard and Brad Crow of San Marino, had a typical foul-up recently. Fishing from Heimpel's *Vega*, a speedy 40-footer, Crow hooked

continued

up on a small striped marlin and shouted to the captain that he wanted it tagged, not gaffed. "No, is bad hooked," replied the skipper, "will die anyhow." "The hell he will," shouted Crow. "Tag him!" "No, he just die soon time anyhow." With Crow still protesting, the mate gaffed the marlin, clubbed it to death and methodically lashed it to the stern.

"Dummit," said Crow later, "Bud and I have hooked a lot of fish much deeper in the throat than that; in fact, we've brought in some that had their stomachs hanging out. It looks awful, but the marlin has a free-floating stomach that he can shove right out of his mouth at will to regurgitate something he doesn't like. You can just stick your arm down his gullet and push the stomach back in and let 'em go. They're a tough fish and they can survive." The reason for the captain's reluctance to tag the fish soon became clear: neither Smith nor Crow had arranged in advance to pay the \$1.25—a fairly ludicrous situation, since Smith is a bank board chairman and Crow a Dean Witter partner.

Back at the dock Hempel chewed out the skipper in smoky Spanish. The marlin was carted off, wrinkled and gray as a worn-out truck tire, to fertilize some Sinaloa bean field. Esthetes aside, Hempel's concern over the fate of the Gulf's billfish makes good business sense. If the fishing falls off he will sport only a lean bullfido. Russian trawlers and Japanese longliners are making vast inroads on Mazatlán's fishy riches, and Mexico City can do little about it. At Hempel's urging, the Mexican government has extended the limits of its fishing jurisdiction from nine miles to 12 and imposed a three-marlin, three-sail daily limit on each charter boat. "It's not much," says Hempel, "but at least it's a beginning."

To look at Wilhelm Kurt Hempel, you wouldn't peg him as a bleeding heart for any cause. In addition to his mustache and the hardest eyes this side of John Wayne, he favors leather-thonged cowboy shirts and a sporty Ford convertible that he whips through the blind curves of Mazatlán's side streets with the insouciance of a Latin Wolfgang von Trips. In fact, the crosscultural smile fits, since Hempel belongs to one of

the Western Hemisphere's most curious minorities: the German-Mexicans. In theory, at least, the two cultures would appear about as miscible as fire and water, but in reality they complement one another. The Teutonic excesses of order, obedience and punctuality are mellowed in the Mexican ambience of sun and *marisela*. At the same time, the Germanic virtues of cleanliness, thrift and self-control supply a valuable plus to the Hispanic side of the equation. Hempel is a most mellow blend.

He was born 43 years ago in Yucatan, where his father, an electrical engineer from Stuttgart, had arrived in 1906 to bring light and heat to the coffee plantations. Since the only German-speaking schools were in Mexico City, *der junge Willi* was shunted north to study for a CPA degree and a life behind a ledger book. Instead he took to the sea. A Mexican friend asked him to crew on a schooner trip from New York to Acapulco. That voyage on the 56-foot *Borra d'Oro* led to another—a 34-month circumnavigation of the globe. Hempel served as navigator on the cruise. "We made all the storybook landfalls," he recalls, "the Marquesas, Tahiti, the Seychelles and Portuguese East Africa. In the Tuamotu Archipelago we ripped out a mumsail and put into an atoll that had never seen a yacht before. The old chief there was wrinkled and toothless, but he could still dive to 180 feet like most of those pearl divers. I could make it to about half that depth. Anyway, after that cruise I could no more return to accounting than that old chief could become president of Mexico."

The *Borra d'Oro* was the first Mexican vessel ever to circle the world, and with the publicity attendant on its return Hempel was able to get a job as a shrimp-boat captain in Mazatlán. Soon he was in charge of 14 shrimpers, and with his savings he built his first sport-fishing boat, the *Polaris*, which is still running 16 years later (on its fourth engine). The Sea of Cortez was just becoming popular with U.S. anglers, and Hempel's fleet burgeoned, along with his knowledge of the saltwater community.

A day's fishing with Hempel amounts to an oceanographic field trip, replete with cold beer, ecological lectures and plenty of marlin action. On the way out of the boat basin, Hempel's flagship,

the *Vega*, passes beneath the Creston lighthouse, at 508 feet above sea level the third-highest navigational light in the world (Gibraltar's, at 1,396 feet, is the highest). Beneath Creston, its cactus-studded crown wreathed with pelicans and frigate birds, a cave meanders 350 yards into the rock through oddly canted limestone strata. A few hundred yards offshore a pair of guano-whitened rocks ascend like cathedrals from the sea, and beyond them, their black granite teeth flicking through the waves, lie the Tortugas, an unbuoyed reef. "Take a look at those fellows," says Bill, pointing to a herd of California seals sunning themselves on the rocks. He and the mate begin howling and barking at the seals, which raise their heads like so many lonely Labrador retrievers and bark back. This is about as far south as seals will migrate, Hempel explained. Farther south the water is too warm for them. By the same token, warm-water fish—like the black and blue marlin, sailfish and wahoo—usually leave the vicinity of Mazatlán by late October, when colder water moves in from the northwest. This year the water stayed warm longer than usual, and boats were still bringing in blacks and sails in late January.

By now we were into the blue water, and billfish were rolling everywhere, their dorsals and tails spiking the surface like frozen waves. The red-and-white teaser cavorted in our wake, and the mullet trolled from the three rods locked up roostertails. But the marlin weren't feeding; one of the ironies of the Gulf's fecundity is that no fish ever goes hungry, and a strike is too often a matter of whim. Suddenly the drag sang out; a dolphin striking from below had hooked himself solidly without our help. Two minutes of muscle along the overpowering angle of the rod and he was on the gaff, dead in a flash of gold and green and beaded blood. Next came a skipjack, which hit a small red-and-white feathered jig that we were trolling from an ultralight rod. This fish lasted 20 minutes, stepping off yards of six-pound line every time he came near the boat, a marble-colored anchor reluctant to break the surface.

Then came five marlin, not a one of them hoisted. At each sighting Hempel played the bait into the marlin's reach; each time the fish only slapped at the

continued

**Maybe you owe money
to banks, stores,
companies or people.**

**We're in debt to
wars, floods,
health services,
life saving and
blood banks.**



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Break Away in a Wide-Track Grand Prix

mullet with its bill or else mouthed it indecisively. With a scarred finger on the line and his thumb on the reel, Hempel waited as long as he could; then, with his mustache crimped in concentration, he leaned into the strike. Each time he came back with only the head of a mullet. The marlin were playing with the bait, not swallowing it.

There's a kind of a Zen factor at work in fishing, just as in karate, fencing or archery: the harder you concentrate, the less likely are you to score. Only with the casualness that comes with the shedding of inhibition can you really succeed. After the fifth marlin had stripped the bait, we fell into that easiness and within 20 minutes were hooked up solidly to a fair-sized striped marlin. When it jumped it was evident that this was not one of those monsters whose leap Hemingway likened to throwing a horse off a cliff. Maybe a Shetland pony, or perhaps a good-sized Newfoundland. In 10 minutes it was within gaffing distance, but we wanted only to tag the fish and that took a bit more work. While the mate grabbed the marlin by the bill and pushed the hook free, Hempel jabbed a yellow rubber tape at the end of a short lance into the fish's back, just below the dorsal. It contained a number that would later be recorded in the U.S. Fish and Wildlife files, along with the name of the fisherman, location of the catch and the date. When, and if, the marlin was caught again the tag would be logged in the migration route chart and the fisherman notified of the fact.

Hempel watched the tagging with some concern. "I knew a mate who took a marlin like that one by the bill when the fish was still very green," he said. "The marlin surged and the bill went into the mate's face just below the eye. It bent back around and came out of his mouth. They can be a mean fish up close to a boat."

The light by now lay like the color of wheat on the Creston, and the Sierra Madre Occidental, looming in the background just an hour and a half's drive from Mazatlán, seemed to writhe in the impending sunset. On the way back in, the mate fed the leftover mullet to the frigate birds, whose forked tails worked like mad tailors' scissors as they caught the baits in midair. "You haven't seen

birds until you go to the *Islas de las Tres Marias*, about 130 miles south of here," Hempel said. "Nobody lives on the islands except a prison load of convicts. The rest is really wild—mahogany trees and *lignum vitae* and lizards and birds. I've put about 200 sika deer on the island. We go down there in the slack season in the smaller boats and just fish and skin dive and shoot doves."

"That's what I want to keep here—the chance to go somewhere really wild. My father came to this country as a man of science, a bearer of progress. As an accountant, I suppose I could have helped cement that kind of progress, but I'm looking for a different kind. Mexico has so much more than it needs; it's got riches. It's wild. My son is studying up in the States, and when he comes back he's going to the oceanographic institute in Ensenada. Maybe he'll take over the Star Fleet when he gets old enough. But maybe there won't be enough fish to make it workable anymore. What I have to do is keep the fish."

Back at the landing, the ubiquitous *Margaritas* were flowing, and a dozen dead marlin dangled from the weighing hoists. The big fisherman of the day was Lorenzo Donarico, 70, of Omaha, who had taken two dolphins, three marlin and 11 yellowfin tuna. His boat was festooned in the colored pennants of the kill: black for marlin, green for dolphin, red for yellowfin. Donarico, who came to the U.S. from Milan 48 years ago, runs a chain of beauty parlors in Nebraska called the *Maison Lorenzo*. He had his picture taken with the bigger of the two dolphins, a 52-pound 12-ounce bull with a head like the butt of a log-splitting wedge. He did not plan to eat any of the fish, since he did not really care for fish that much. The nonfish-eating syndrome was evident in another fisherman as well, but for a different reason. Norman Levin, 29, of Des Plaines, Ill. can't eat fish because he loves them too dearly. Back home he has nine tanks full of Singapore angels, Lake Nyasa cichlids, discusfish and exotic Chinese goldfish called orandas. "I'll kill my first marlin," said Levin, "because everyone has a right to the big thrill—once. After that, I'll tag."

There were other *northerners* at Hempel's dock reflecting other views

of the matter. On hand from Houston, Texas were C. F. Mann, a grizzled-browed plumbing contractor in a blue jump suit, and his wife, Chetene. They took a big sail and two marlin, but scoffed at any pretension toward success. "Hell, boy, I killed 34 bilfish off Freeport just this spring," said C.F. There were also Al and Jean Spangenberg of Cincinnati, who discovered almost too late that their eight-foot sailfish was headed for the fertilizer plant—and retrieved it for \$185 to be mounted. And there was Hugo Rohde, 63, of Wall Lake, Iowa ("Andy Williams' home town, of course"), who had taken a citation wahoo in Florida and king salmon in Alaska and who seriously adjudged his Mazatlán marlin "a hard dragger—he'll fight ya for a little while."

Above all those petty debates about the quality and edibility of saltwater fish, there stands Mamuca's. Of Mazatlán's many restaurants, Mamuca's is both the most austere and the most inventive—with everything from octopus to oysters on the menu, not to mention paper napkins, Formica tabletops, Plasticene porters wearing looking-glass ties. Over his oysters, El Arquitecto was commenting on the lust of the gringo for the murder of the fish. "Don't get me wrong," he said, "gringo isn't a bad word to us. It comes from a song that your soldiers sang when they stormed Chapultepec—'Green grows the grass. . . . Da da de dum. Or maybe it comes from the green coats that they wore. Some say it comes from *Greek*—Greek—but that sounds a bit absurd, since it is a shift in linguistic metaphor. It's Greek to me, ha ha." Someone mentioned to Sergio that there was a Greek vocabulary at work in Mazatlán fishing. He cited Steinbeck's *Log*: "We in the United States have done so much to destroy our own resources, our timber, our land, our fishes, that we should be taken as a horrible example and our methods avoided by any government and people enlightened enough to envision a continuing economy. With our own resources we have been prodigal, and our country will not soon lose the scars of our grasping stupidity."

Sergio, the architect, sat for a moment over his oysters and stroked his Mepphotephelian beard. "Hempel understands that," he said, finally. "I think I do, too."

END

PEOPLE

♦ Some followers of **Dick Tracy**, may have been surprised to see him playing golf on the moon, not having realized that he was a golfer, but as his creator, **Chester Gould**, points out, "You can't tell what is behind the scenes when you look at a busy fellow." **Jack Nicklaus**, for one, feels that Tracy has been too busy a fellow to develop a really threatening golf game. "His stance is a little too wide to get the accuracy you need on a long shot," Jack said, constructively critical, "and he's using a little bit too soft a shaft—it's bending an awful lot on the backswing. He's not going to revolutionize the golf business. Though I think," he added kindly, "that he will do well on the moon."

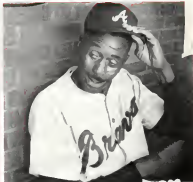
People who speak metaphorically of "the game of life" (to say nothing of those who happen to own and play the copyrighted game *Life*, with its squares labeled Truth, Honor, Disgrace, Intemperance, etc.) could do worse than listen to Novelist **Kurt Vonnegut** on the subject. In a recent interview Vonnegut expressed his views, pertinent

and astrigent, upon the state of this planet, and, as for games, he said, "Parker Brothers has one for every gathering, and there's a game for every season—ice hockey, basketball, baseball, football. *Life* soon appears to be a game, and it isn't. In games the object is to win. In life the object of the whole world had better be to preserve the game board and the pieces."

He has been busy, but that is not the only reason **President Nixon** waited a long time to try out the White House swimming pool. For one thing, according to **Herb Klein**, the water was too hot. For another, Nixon prefers saltwater swimming. "Someone should pour in about a ton of Morion's and then figure out a way to churn up waves," Klein said. "When I stuck my hand in, the water was so tepid you could have mixed instant coffee in it and drunk it." Clearly, they are more discriminating around the White House about their swimming than they are about their coffee.

It is Mrs. **Elizabeth L. Post** who carries on for her grandmother-in-law **Emily**, revising the book of etiquette and writing her own syndicated column. Mrs. Post is something of a fisherwoman, and she has now put down a few rules of behavior for ladies similarly inclined. Under "What to Do if You're in Trouble," Mrs. Post suggests that one say, "Would you mind putting your foot on my fish?"

In the NFL Players Golf Tournament in Palm Springs, Calif., **Ralph Wenzel**, a Soper guard, scrupulously recorded his every stroke—all 378 of them for 54 holes. This was the worst gross score of the tournament, and for achieving it **Honest Ralph** was awarded a year's supply of toilet tissue. Later in the evening,



however, he was called to the rostrum again, to find himself the flabbergasted recipient of a 1969 Ford LTD. It had been decided to calculate handicaps according to performance during the actual tournament (over nine holes not identified to the golfers) and Wenzel's came out a whopping 186. This gave him a net 192, so Wenzel managed to be, simultaneously, the tournament's high gross loser and low net winner—yes, verily, the last shall be first! Wenzel says modestly that it's all in the wrists.

♦ The probable (and improbable) sexagenarian **Satchel Paige**, who was signed by the Atlanta Braves last year as a coach to make him eligible for a well-deserved pension, is looking ahead to August and the five-year benefits. "Man, maybe I'll take the lecture trail," he speculates. "When you're 6-foot-3½ and weigh only 180 like me, you got to eat all that chicken and mash potatoes so you'll be big enough to lift a heavy baseball." A fine idea, except that Paige

may stop giving away such good stuff as his advice to rookie pitchers. "I tell 'em to watch out for strange love. It's a mighty powerful lure when you're away from home, almost as strong as doughballs is to a carp."

The annual spring extravaganza at Radio City Music Hall this year includes a 14-year-old ballerina, a baton twirler, a pair of comic acrobats and the voice of Race Caller **Fred Caposella**. In a number entitled "The Spring Thing" (which follows a number entitled "Glory of Easter") Caposella is heard for 20 seconds or so calling a race. He is not on stage, or even backstage—he is at Aqueduct, at least most afternoons, where the horses really are approaching the starting gate. The voice Music Hall patrons hear has been prerecorded and is duly listed among the credits. Along with "Rockette and Ballet hats and wags by Pellicano" and "Feathers by Sittenberg" is "Mr. Caposella's voice by arrangement with the New York Racing Association Inc."



Gould is the Chicago Tribune World sports cartoonist



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Vintage Litwack spoiled the grand exit

The crowd had come to see Coach Bob Cousy retire a winner, but a typical Temple cast of leftovers and hand-me-downs proved too strong for battered Boston College as the Owls from Philadelphia took the NIT

The schmaltz was thick enough to cut up and serve as hors d'oeuvres. This was the last time Bob Cousy would coach for Boston College, and 17,437 people had turned out for the championship game of the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden to see if the Eagles could send The Coz out on top, just as he had gone out six years earlier with the Boston Celtics. Before the tip-off, cameras clicked at the famous Cousy mug; children pushed for autographs and ushers reached out just to touch his expensive suit.

No such attention danced around a stumpy, cotton-haired old man sitting quietly on the bench reserved for Temple, although the old man and his team stood between Cousy and euphoria. The

man, Harry Litwack, had been working small miracles at Temple while Cousy was still a kid in sneakers at Holy Cross. Historically, all the basketball players in Philadelphia go to either La Salle or Villanova. Historically, Litwack takes the middles and the hand-me-downs and, historically, he plays with the best of them. He played the best of them, including Bob Cousy, right out of the house last week and Temple had its first NIT title since 1938.

The team that Temple put on the floor against BC was vintage Litwack. The center, 6' 9" Eddie Mast, came to college with only a year of high school experience. One starter, Jim Snook, transferred to Temple from the Naval Academy, and the hot-shooting forward, Joe Cromer, came along only after the other schools in town had told him he would never make it. Even 6' 5" John Baum, the gifted all-round forward whom Temple rooters felt should have been the tournament's Most Valuable Player, was playing for a Philly business college when Litwack picked him up.

While Temple was taking a back-alley route to the NIT, losing eight games and having a couple of players suspended on the way, Boston College became an inspired, purposeful team in early January, when Cousy announced he was going to retire after the season. The Eagles had won five games and lost three at that point, but then they got together and won all 16 of their remaining regular-season games, including an emotional 93-72 drubbing of Duquesne in their home finale. "That was the season for me right there," said Cousy on his way to New York.

As the tournament got under way, Boston College was considered one of the favorites, along with Tennessee, the

Southeastern Conference runner-up, and South Carolina, the No. 2 team in the Atlantic Coast Conference. This was, at best, a dubious distinction because this year's NIT field, as usual, was filled with runners-up and also-rams. Nevertheless, some coaches, like Tennessee's Ray Mears and South Carolina's Frank McGuire, seemed almost as happy being in the NIT as they would have been in the NCAA, and they insisted it was more than sour grapes.

"You get the exposure of the New York press, for one thing," said Mears, whose team combined with Florida to give the NIT its first Southeastern Conference participants since 1950. "Coming to New York is more exciting for our kids, too, than going to some of the places where the NCAAAs are held." McGuire, a charming New York Irishman of long standing, had a more practical reason: his best players—including four starters on this season's team—always have come from the New York area. After South Carolina beat Southern Illinois in the first round, McGuire told his doting press, "This was a matter of whether our kids went home or stayed here with their mothers and fathers."

Although it was an underdog every time it took the floor, Temple actually had an easier time reaching the finals than did Boston College. Using some zone defenses cooked up by Litwack, the Owls faced a couple of superstars—Florida's Neal Walk and St. Peter's Einaro Webster—and left them both hinking. Tennessee's fine shooter, Billy Justus, was the next victim. He got two points as the Volunteers were eliminated 63-58 in the semifinals.

With sweet success only a victory removed, the Owls began cracking back at the Philadelphia press. "All season long there were only two teams in Philadelphia—La Salle and Villanova," said Baum. "Now, whether they want to or not, they've got to notice us."



THE OLD MAN and the Owl, ignored at first, got the buzz when the tournament ended

Boston College's progress in the other end of the bracket was more predictable, but also a good deal more hairy. Even with one of the nation's finest unknown centers in 6' 7" Terry Driscoll, the eventual MVP, and a couple of the slickest guards since Cousy himself in Billy Evans and Jim O'Brien, the Eagles had to fly high and hard to survive the accusations, elbows and even lists that came winging their way.

Against Kansas Driscoll fouled out. Evans had to come out with a gash on his chin and Kansas Coach Ted Owens came out fuming after the ensuing Eagle slowdown. "I think it is a disgrace to the game," he said, which is about what Louisville Coach John Dromo said before his team lost to BC in the roughest game of the tournament. Two players were thrown out, and Evans, diving for a loose ball, was knocked dizzy. In the semifinals Army deployed the sort of man-to-man defense that normally is found in hand-to-hand combat training at Fort Benning. "I know we're accused

of being hutchers and slothers," said Army's young coach, Bobby Knight. "but we don't foul any more than anybody else." They did against BC.

By the time BC reached the final, it was obvious the Eagles were physically weaker and less alert than Temple. Evans opened the game with his right thigh mummified in tape, and whenever two players went up for a shot or a rebound, the Temple man, especially Baum, always was inches higher or split seconds quicker. Nothing Boston College did seemed to go quite right, and the added pressure of trying to win one for The Coos only made the team tighter.

Playing more on heart than anything else, Boston College stayed in there until the final minutes, even leading by 67-62 at one point, but then Temple outscored the Eagles 11-4 in one stretch and that was the game. Baum had three baskets during that period and a substitute named Tom Wiczeruk, whom Litwack hustled up from heaven knows where, followed with two more. Baum

scored 30 points and got 10 rebounds to Driscoll's 18 points and 16 rebounds. The Temple students booed lustily when Driscoll was named MVP.

"Frankly, I thought Baum deserved it," said Litwack.

After the game Litwack led all the Temple players past the Boston bench to shake Cousy's hand. There were all sorts of theories flying around concerning what Cousy would do now: go into TV? Take a Brinks truckload of money to coach the New York Nets? "I really don't know," said The Coos. "Maybe I'll play some again. I'm competitive, too damned competitive, and so maybe I'll go overseas, to Italy or Spain or France, and work with the independent club people over there."

Nobody asked, but bet a recap for a new tire Litwack will be back in Philadelphia, combing the streets and the alleys for another hand-me-down John Baum or Eddie Mast to come play basketball for the Temple Owls. They are champions of the NIT, you know. **END**

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Politics in the saddle at Utopia Downs

As state governors continue to select senior race track officials for the wrong reasons, inexperience among their appointees plagues the sport

In its efforts to assure the public that the sport can manage its own affairs efficiently, racing's establishment has had a spotty record, at best. The mishmash resulting from the drugging of Daner's Image before the Kentucky Derby—a mystery no closer to solution than the day the deed was done—is only the most recent case in point.

A generation or so ago, before racing had become a multimillion-dollar sport-industry and while The Jockey Club still enjoyed dictatorial powers over all licensees, an infringement of the rules could lead to a man being banned for life, with no appeal possible. Now with what seems to be decaying regularity, more of the sport's major decisions are being made in courts of law than by horsemen. And at conventions of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners, such as the one held in Los Angeles last month, more time is spent in debate over permissive medication, pension plans for officials and the unionization of jockeys than on matters affecting the huge public stake in racing.

In the 32 states where pari-mutuel wagering on Thoroughbred horses is legal, each governor has the responsibility of appointing qualified men to serve as racing commissioner or as members of what some states call horse racing boards. These boards and commissions, in turn, are supposed to choose qualified officials, i.e., stewards, patrol judges, paddock judges, etc. to run the programs at the 100-odd tracks in the U.S.

When political appointees or good friends of management wind up in high places in racing it is time to question the motives of the governors themselves, all of whom are very much aware of exactly how much their states benefit from taxes produced by the sport. Are the governors and their racing commissions picking the most qualified men?

• In Illinois, Governor Richard B. Ogilvie has appointed Timothy P. Sheehan,

former Cook County Republican chairman, to the \$15,000-a-year job of secretary of the Illinois Racing Board. Owner of two business firms in Chicago, Sheehan is also 41st Ward Republican committeeman. "I'm taking the job with an open mind, particularly because I have no past connection with racing," he says.

• In Rhode Island, Governor Frank Licht has appointed Frank Rao the state steward. Rao, who is 70, is a former member of the Providence City Council and a former Democratic state chairman.

• In Arkansas, Governor Winthrop Rockefeller has appointed Chester Lauck, a partner in a public-relations firm, as a placing judge at Oaklawn Park. Lauck was once known as Lam on the radio show *Lam and Abner*.

• In Massachusetts, Governor Francis W. Sargent has appointed Mike Holovak, former head coach and general manager of the Boston Patriots of the AFL, to be a member of the Massachusetts Racing Commission. In the early '40s, Holovak helped pay his college tuition by working as a mutual clerk at Suffolk Downs, and his appointment to the commissioner's job was, said Governor Sargent, to "raise the reputation of horse racing in the commonwealth."

• In Florida, Andy Gustafson, former football coach at the University of Miami, was named last year to the position of steward representing the Florida State Racing Commission at Tropical Park, Hialeah and Gulfstream. Gustafson, who rode the wheelhorse in a field artillery outfit and says he didn't much like it, moved into the stewards' stand with no previous experience other than being a longtime patron of the sport. A close friend of the owners of the Miami tracks, Gustafson says, "I've been a steward watcher for two years before becoming one. I admit, there is no such thing as instant experience, and this is no simple job. Still, you don't have to be the brightest man in the world,

Good judgment and common sense are most important."

Well, maybe. But it is difficult to explain why men who casually go racing a few times a year wind up with jobs that should rightfully be given to any one of a dozen qualified horsemen waiting in the wings. Today, while most commission chairmen have some racing experience, many of their own colleagues have barely learned the sport's ABC's. Thus, when the commissions approve neophytes for important jobs on the race-track itself they are only compounding an already distasteful situation.

Aidan Roark, former nine-gold polo star and now a steward at Santa Anita as well as president of the Society of North American Racing Officials, recently addressed the Los Angeles convention of the NASRC. "The position of state steward," said Roark, "has been minimized on the grounds that the stewards appointed by the association [i.e., the individual tracks] are assumed capable of carrying the former. There is an outstanding fallacy in this theory. The association stewards, no matter how experienced, how compatible or how highly qualified, sometimes disagree. When this occurs the decision must be made by an amateur who might just as well decide by a flip of the coin as by searching his own experience for an opinion. With a great amount of money at stake, this seems pretty ridiculous. From the commission's point of view, it needs the best advice it can get from the man delegated to represent it. The racing associations, which pay the salaries, are entitled to services of a qualified man. And the other stewards are entitled to have an associate who can carry his share of the work load."

Two weeks after Roark delivered this message to the assembled commissioners his longtime friend and colleague Keene Dainingerfield, one of the most able and respected stewards in the country, resigned his position at Hialeah. One reason cited by Dainingerfield was that Hialeah President Eugene Mori had refused to join the retirement, health and welfare plans for racing officials offered by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations. "I have been employed at Hialeah for the past 12 years," said Dainingerfield. "During this period I have never been given an increase in salary, nor have I asked for one, although mutual handle and attendance have increased steadily,

as has the work load." It is no secret that Keene's work load (along with that of George Palmer, the other Hialeah-appointed steward) was nearly doubled this year because of the presence of Rookie Gustafson. "It will take Gustafson more than two years to learn what this game is all about," says one veteran steward, "and in the meantime the other two guys will have to carry the ball for him."

A racing steward's job is a little like that of a military governor. It involves the complicated administrative functions dealing with licenses and contracts for hundreds of persons having some connection with the various racing departments. And in the afternoon—which is the only time the public is aware that the stewards are not chaps in deck uniforms dishing out tea and crumpets—a track steward's chief responsibility is looking for infractions of the rules. When the "objection" or "inquiry" sign goes up, the decision rests with the three stewards. For this responsibility they are paid as much as \$100 a day. Some of them have spent as much as 10 years working their way up from the ground floor in the racing department—the mail room, the entry clerk's or clerk of scales' office—and have been paddock judges, patrol judges and even starters. Some, like Alfred Shelhamer, state steward in California, Ted Atkinson, state steward in Illinois, Cal Ramey, New York steward appointed by The Jockey Club, Warren Mehrtens, Jimmy Stous, George Tataguchi, Pete Moreno and Sammy Boulmetis, started as jockeys.

"If there were such a place as Utopia Downs," says New York Steward Earl Potter, "all the officials would start at the bottom and learn everything there is to know—or try to—over a long period of time. But because there is no Utopia Downs and never will be, it comes down to the question of educating the members of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners as to the proper qualifications for the men racing needs to officiate itself."

Andy Gustafson undoubtedly had a point when he stressed the importance of good judgment and common sense. "It's good to have those qualities no matter what you do," says one California steward, "but put the theory to a guy up in a plane trying to land the damn thing. Is all the good judgment in the world going to take the place of experience?" **END**



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Bidding like a Roman Blue with Benito

If the American bridge team fails in its last chance to whip the famed Italian Blue Team in Rio de Janeiro this May, it won't be the fault of the coach. Edgar Kaplan has written a book about the Italian systems, has coached two American world championship squads and twice played against the Italians. But the proof positive came when, after the 1968 Olympiad in Deauville, Kaplan played on a team with Blue Team members Giorgio Belladonna, Benito Garozzo and three other Italians.

After having been the victim of the Italian methods at Deauville, Kaplan had great fun playing the Roman Club with Giorgio and the Blue Team Club with Benito. Both partnerships operated on the assumption that Kaplan knew all the latest wrinkles of each system and the American star managed to get through the whole tournament without making a systemic error. Typically, Belladonna bubbled with pleasure at finding an American who knew his system so well, while Garozzo, doing his utmost to make Kaplan blunder, would sometimes go out of his way to produce complicated sequences and would even try to

*Neither side vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH WEST EAST SOUTH			
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 N.T.	PASS	2♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	7	

persuade Kaplan to do the wrong thing by his tone and mannerisms. Put yourself in Kaplan's place with the South cards of this deal, as Benito's partner.

Garozzo's opening no-trump bid showed either a strong 16-17 point no-trumper or a weak 13-15 point hand with long clubs but no other suit of four cards or more. Kaplan's two-club response was not a Stayman inquiry for the majors, rather it promised 8 to 12 points and asked which kind of opening North had. Garozzo's two-spade rebid was completely artificial, showing 16 or 17 points. Now South's two no-trump bid asked about the majors. Garozzo replied with three no trump in a tone of finality, at the same time putting his hand face down on the table.

Kaplan had been sure of himself up to this point, but the three no-trump bid puzzled him. To deny either major, Garozzo would have bid three clubs. If he had a four-card major he would have shown it. So what was three no trump? Kaplan nearly passed—partly with the feeling that a man ought to know what he was doing in his own system, and partly because Garozzo was behaving for all the world like a man making the last bid of the auction.

But something about Benito's attitude didn't ring true. Casting desperately back in his memory—and helped a little bit because he knows that Benito is one of the most ethical players in the world—Kaplan recalled that three no trump described a holding of both four-card majors with three cards in clubs and two in diamonds, with the other distribution in the minors. Benito would have bid three diamonds. Triumphantly, Kaplan led four hearts, purposely selecting the shorter trump fit so that he might discard North's second diamond on his fifth spade and thus avoid a possible diamond loser. Garozzo shook his head dolefully; then, after West led the jack of clubs, he put down exactly the dummy Kaplan had expected.

Having surmounted the bidding hurdle, Kaplan did not make the mistake of covering the jack of clubs. East would win and return a diamond and declarer would have a loser in each suit. Instead, he ducked. When West continued clubs, East's ace was ruffed out.

Neither did Kaplan make the mistake of taking a heart finesse into the dangerous hand. Instead, he cashed the ace and king of hearts and took the spade finesse. It lost, but the contract was safe. There was no way for the opponents to get their diamond trick before dummy's second diamond could be discarded on declarer's long spade.

At the other table, the opponents went down in four spades, which had no chance as the cards lay. **END**



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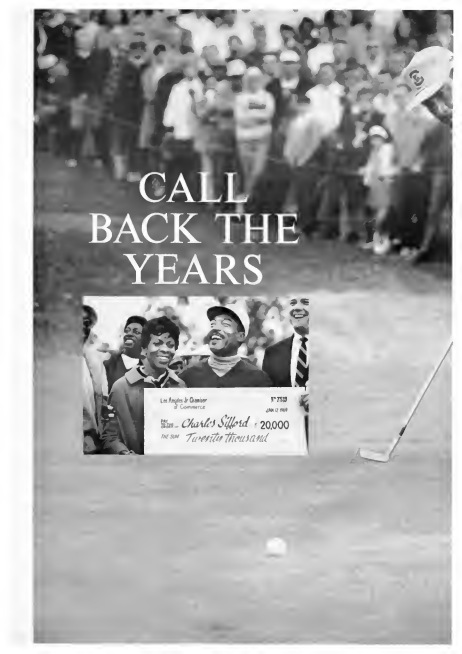
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CALL BACK THE YEARS





When Charlie Sifford won himself a big victory in Los Angeles he capped a 20-year struggle to succeed at what had always been a white man's game. Now he is on top, but the time spent climbing is lost forever

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

There he stood, preparing to address the crowd at the Black Fox in Los Angeles: Charles Luther Sifford, golfer, born 46 years ago in North Carolina, the son of a factory hand. His friends, soul brothers and sisters all, had gathered to laud him and applaud him, and to bring gifts to Charlie Sifford at the Black Fox, which is a nightclub cool and smoky located among the white man's oil wells, with Beverly Hills on one horizon and Watts on another. It was a rare occasion, for this day—Feb. 3—had been proclaimed Charlie Sifford Day throughout Los Angeles. The banks did not close for it, but there had been a small, spouted parade for Charlie—11 newly washed cars purring up 103rd Street, which was dubbed Charcoal Alley during the riots of 1965. Earlier Charlie had gone downtown to City Hall where the mayor of L.A., Sam Yorty, had jovially greeted him as "Mister Charlie," which broke everyone up. And as a sort of topper to the ceremonial part of it all, the Watts Chamber of Commerce announced that he, Charlie Sifford, a Negro who struck it rich in the white athlete's field of professional golf and who had just won the town's own Los Angeles Open, was to be the first man inducted into the Watts Hall of Fame.

continued

Even though he is ordinarily a laconic man given to solemn consumption of an endless supply of large cigars, when Charlie squinted out at the people gathered in the Black Fox that night, he seemed quite moved. "It's just so wonderful to think that a black man can take a golf club and become so famous," he said. His friends applauded, then Charlie added quietly, "I just wish I could call back 10 years."

Charlie Sifford had spoken the truth: he had taken a golf club and he had become famous. Even quite rich. The capstone to his success, so far, was his \$20,000 victory in the Los Angeles Open. The fact that Charlie Sifford happened to beat Harold Henning who happened to be a product (if not necessarily a practitioner) of South African *apartheid* was not lost on American black men. Negro newspapers were calling Charlie Sifford the epitome of Black Is Beautiful. Intrepid white reporters were making him uncomfortable (and uncooperative) by pressing him for quotes on everything racial from Nat Turner's confession to Muhammad Ali's conviction. His mail was up to 200 letters a week, a lot of it from Negro kids who lug bags around the nation's golf courses and dream about making it themselves in a sport that has never before had very much of a place for them.

Oh, the mantle of fame is upon Charlie Sifford; he is a celebrity in 1969, no doubt. Yet in a sadder but more significant sense, Charlie Sifford is just a survivor, a man of stamina and strong will who simply stayed on his feet while others fell. If ever a medal of solid gold is struck in the likeness of Charlie Sifford (and it must include that rocket of a cigar in his mouth) it will be to honor more his endurance than his victories, more his persistence than the brilliance of his game. He managed to outlive, outwait and, in a way, outgolf the years of Jim Crow in the Professional Golfers' Association.

It was not until November 1961, when Charlie Sifford was a vintage 38-year-old and other major sports had long since been integrated, that the PGA moved to wipe out its regulation restrict-

ing membership to "professional golfers of the Caucasian race," and thus opened all of its tournaments to blacks. The PGA did not generate this action out of some intrinsic insight into the family of man (for even into the fraternity of golf). It did not act, in fact, until the attorney general of California had, quite publicly and quite legally, humiliated the association. The attorney general then was one Stanley Mosk, who later became celebrated for his scathing description of the John Birch Society as "little old ladies in tennis shoes." In 1961 he treated the doughty PGA as if it were simply a little old lady in golf shoes by forcing it to move its forthcoming national championship right out of Los Angeles and off to the Aronimink Golf Club, Newtown Square, Pa. Grounds for the eviction were that racial discrimination as practiced by the PGA did not jibe with the sovereign laws of California. Stanley Mosk has always been remembered by blacks for his part in that episode: the day after Sifford won the L.A. Open this year, a telegram arrived at Mosk's home. It said: "Thank you for opening the door for the Charlie Siffords of this world."

Of course, there is only one Charlie Sifford of this world and if Mosk's action opened the door for him, it was Charlie's own determination and patience that widened the gate so other black men could come in. For a variety of reasons that arise not so much from the state of the sport as from the general social and economic conditions of America today, not many black men have come through the gate behind Charlie. At the moment there are, including Sifford, 10 touring Negro professionals. Jack Tuthill, PGA tour director, says there probably would have been even fewer had there not been two competing schools to qualify rookies in 1968—one the regular PGA session, the other organized by the rebellious players' group, the APG. Obviously golf is not about to sprout a crop of black Arnold Palmers, and it probably isn't even going to produce very many Charlie Siffords for a while.

The truth of the matter is that the

end of discrimination *de jure* does little, perhaps even nothing at all, to alter the effects of discrimination *de facto*. Legally golf is as much a game for black as for white: not only is PGA *apartheid* long gone, but the U.S. Supreme Court decided a decade or more ago that public courses must be open to all. Realities, however, can sometimes be more complex than legalities.

Charlie Sifford puts it quite bluntly: "Negroes ain't been exposed to golf like the white man. Golf has been the white man's game forever, man, and the black man's just comin' to it now. Way behind. You know, you can't play the game where they won't let you play, and they didn't let us play nowhere for a long time. It ain't easy catchin' up now. Not without money and without real good golf courses to play on and without goin' to college to play golf there—you know any black golfers in college, man?—and without good instruction when we're kids. But they did give us a chance to play golf now and it's open for us if we really want to do it, I ain't expectin' the white man to hug us and kiss us and wrap us in bed. We got the opportunity to play golf—we just got a lot of catchin' up to do, that's all."

Fatalism is stitched sharply through all of Sifford's words, and perhaps there is even a dark thread of futility in what he says. There is, indeed, a monumental amount of catching up to do before the black men on the tour become household names—even in the households of Harlem or Watts. But the names are there to be heard and there is enough promise, here and there, to suggest that eventually golf fans will hear of at least a few of them.

There is, for example, Lee Elder, 34, who was a rookie in 1968, yet managed to finish 34th among money-winners—with more than \$31,000—a very good beginning. Elder's personal brand of cool was etched into the minds of television watchers last August in a heart-stopping sudden-death playoff against Jack Nicklaus in the American Golf Classic. Elder pushed Nicklaus through five frenzied extra holes before losing. Pete Brown, 34, was almost as long a hitter as Nicklaus

continued

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THE YEARS *continued*

before he suffered a polio attack a couple of years ago. Still plagued with occasional back spasms, he won \$8,400 on the tour in 1968. It was Brown who made golf history in 1964 when he won the Waco Turner Open—which was sort of a satellite PGA tournament—and became the first Negro ever to qualify for the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas. Another tour veteran is Ray Botts, 34, who was once Dwight Eisenhower's regular caddy. Botts has been touring off and on since '63, but last year could win only \$3,400. Cliff Brown, 36, won exactly \$1,387.03 and finished 217th on the money-winning list.

Then there are the raw rookies and the new returnees—Nathaniel Starks, 28, the Army golf champion in 1965, is new to the tour. Howard (Lefty) Brown, 33, is back for another try after earlier failures. James Walker Jr., 30, a native of Harlem, is on his third tour try after hitting a streak of high scores and low funds in the past. George Johnson, 30, a former Georgia vending machine salesman, is in his first season, and Curtis Sifford, 26, Charlie's North Carolina-boro nephew, is a rookie who has had some valuable amateur experience (L.A. Open, Bing Crosby, Phoenix Open) thanks to his uncle's influence.

In a sense Charlie Sifford is an uncle of them all. Since the day he won the L.A. Open in January (shooting a remarkable 35-28—63 in the process) and everyone suddenly remembered him again, it has become the fashionable thing to say that he is to golf what Jackie Robinson was to baseball—human spearhead, iron-willed hero, rugged pioneer who dashed down the white man's barricades to let black men play the game big-league style. For several reasons the metaphor does not work. It is, indeed, absurd. Baseball had a wealth of Negro talent that was being stifled in its lesser leagues. Golf had none. Baseball, like most big-time team sports, eventually moved to let the Negro in because the Negro meant more profits to team owners; the Negroes helped teams become winners, and winners draw crowds and dollars. The Negro golfer was not an attraction—he could not play well enough

continued



The Eternal Triangle.

You'd think Ralph's new love would have been curtains for me. I mean, it was all he talked about. Well, I learned to live with it. As it

turned out, I think his new Charger R/T really

brought us closer together. He's taught me how to shift the 4-speed synchromesh. He lets me pick out the stereo tapes. And clean the vinyl buckets. It's not all bad. He even mentioned marriage once.

DODGE fever

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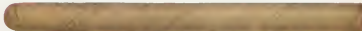
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—so there was no exploitation involved when the doors did finally open. There was only a great gap: open doors but nobody to walk through.

Seven years after Jackie Robinson integrated the major leagues there were numerous black stars in baseball, thousands of World Series dollars had been paid to Negroes and Jackie Robinson himself had been voted the Most Valuable Player of his league. So had Roy Campanella—twice. By contrast, it is now seven years since the PGA junked its Caucasian clause and there are just the 10 Negroes on the tour, with only Sifford having won a top-class tournament. The reason is cruel but basic: The Negro golfer does not have access to the courses, the teaching, the money or the time to hone a golf game to the levels required by the tour today. Few white men can. Which is why Sifford is all the more remarkable.

Charlie Sifford was not the first Negro ever to play in a PGA event. In the late '40s a California pro named Bill Spiller tied Ben Hogan for one round in the L.A. Open, and a sweet-swinging golfer named Ted Rhodes scored consistently well in a smattering of tournaments. There were other blacks who tried, half a dozen or so, but all dropped out as they became too old or too tied down at home or too disrupted by the problems they faced. Spiller, now 51 and a golf teacher at a Long Beach, Calif. driving range, recalls that "no one wanted to help us then. We sued the PGA in 1948 to try and break in. Nothing ever came of it. I think most of the white pros—even then—were sympathetic toward us and would have liked to see us in. But, you know, sociologically, they were trying to make it with the Big Bosses too, with the country club set, and they didn't want to rock the boat."

By personality, motivation and commitment, Charlie Sifford is no boat-rock-er either. He is blessed with that single-mindedness so essential to good golfers, and nothing but the game seems to penetrate very far into his life-style or his thoughts. "I'm here as a golfer, man," says Charlie. "I ain't no politician and

I don't go along with that militant stuff either." An old friend of Charlie's, Maggie Hathaway, a golf columnist for the *Los Angeles Sentinel*, a Negro newspaper, says with an affectionate chuckle, "Charlie might do a black power salute someday, but he'd make sure he's got his \$20,000 check in his pocket first. He's never been what you'd call overly involved with the cause. Of course, the truth of it is that a Charlie Sifford on a picket line wouldn't really mean much at all. But when he shoots a 63, that's *his* contribution, and no amount of militancy is going to be worth any more than that."

passive approach is best at that. Charlie Sifford never did anything but play golf and play golf and play golf. He was a brave man, old Charlie was. He went through some kind of hell, that man did."

People fall easily into the habit of referring to Charlie Sifford as "Old Charlie" or "Old Folks," as if he were some kind of wrinkled-up codger, hobbled and bent by the facts of his life. In fact he is burly, thick-chested, heavy-shouldered, and he lunges down the fairway with the powerful stride of a longshoreman. But age and the unrelenting pressures have made their erosions. There is an



Lee Elder gave TV viewers a startling view when he pushed Nicklaus to fire extra holes

None of the black men on the tour is constructed in the angry mold of a Rap Brown or Eldridge Cleaver. "You just can't play golf and be all involved in a militant movement," says Lee Elder. "None of us out here go along with that stuff. We're here to golf, not to change the world." Old pro Spiller says, "Sometimes we all get pretty impatient about the easygoing attitudes of black golfers. I mean, some Negroes are really quite critical of them for not speaking out more, for not going to the barricades to beat down the white man's country club exclusivity. But maybe the

irrevocable weariness in his eyes and he has developed a tendency to recuperate slowly and painfully from illness. A siege of the flu that started during the L.A. Open kept him debilitated for weeks. Sifford's desire to "call back 10 years" is more understandable in him than in other middle-aged men, for he has been fighting the handicaps of age from the very birth of his career. Charlie was already 24 years old in 1947 when he earned his first wages as a golf professional. That year Arnold Palmer was a senior in high school, Jack Nicklaus was 7 years old and Billy Eckstine, Mr. B.

continued

was sending the cherry Coke crowd with a baritone rumble that sold millions of records of *Bessie's*, *Fool That I Am* and *Caveman*. Sifford, fresh out of the Army and not at all keen on returning to his prewar job as a shipping clerk at the National Biscuit Co. in Philadelphia, was delighted to be employed by Eckstine as a sort of jack-of-all-jobs. He was the chauffeur, semi-valet, an all-round crony for all hours and—most important—Eckstine's personal golf coach. Charlie's untutored caddie's swing, first learned as a 10-year-old in Charlotte, N.C., was adequate to the situation and he was paid \$150 a week by Eckstine—fine money in the late '40s. Charlie frequently played golf with such high-rolling side bettors as Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson in those days. Even though close friends blink in astonishment at the claim, Charlie insists he did not enhance his living through betting. "No man can learn golf by gamblin'," says Charlie, dismissing the possibility forever.

There was in the '50s a form of second-class citizenship granted to a few Negro golfers by the PGA, a kind of one-at-a-time application system whereby black men (and other non-PGA players) could enter a few tournaments here and there. By soliciting the approval of certain local tournament committees, such golfers as Joe Louis, and Rhodes, Spiller and Sifford were allowed to participate in a handful of events that were cosponsored by the PGA. "There was never more than five or six a year I could play in," recalls Sifford. "Not till 1959. Then the PGA let me be in most of the tournaments they had. They had to let me in. It was against the laws of the United States of America to deprive a man of his living." In 1959 the PGA finally granted Sifford an "approved player" rating, something he had been trying to get for several years. It was not a full-fledged membership by any means. "Approved player" was a special category that had long been reserved for touring foreigners, such as Peter Thomson and Bobby Locke.

Before he was given the seal of PGA approval Sifford was a successful per-

former on the venerable United Golfers' Association tour, the predominantly Negro circuit that has been in operation since 1926. It was a nickel-time thing, but it was the only dependable source of golf competition for Negroes in those days. Sifford won the UGA National Championship six times, the prize money never exceeding \$800. All the while, he kept turning up, stubbornly and silently, at any PGA tournament that he was allowed to enter. It was a demeaning scene at times. Occasionally he had to change his shoes in the car, eat lunch with the caddies or stay in a motel miles away from the course. Unlike Jackie Robinson and other Negroes who integrated team sports, Charlie Sifford seldom had companions along. He could not afford to have his family travel with him and there was no one to arrange his accommodations, dish out his expense checks, pay him his salary or cush-

ion the blows of the gallery ("Nice shot, black boy"). He is still reluctant to recall those travels. "Charlie hates talkin' about it, even to people in his family," says Curtis.

Once, in June of 1963, soon after Martin Luther King's march had aroused the fury of Birmingham, Charlie Sifford allowed a rare public insight into the intensity of his feelings—and his defensiveness. He told Will Grimsley of the Associated Press. "I'm just one black man against 150 whites, and I got pressures nobody ever dreamed of. . . . If Palmer and Nicklaus had to play with the handicaps I have, they couldn't beat me. . . . Still, I don't think that [segregation] is the biggest handicap. My biggest problem is that I've got no sponsors or backers. Every time I go into a tournament I'm strictly on my own. I know I'm playing for my bread and butter. The result is I try too hard. I can't



Sifford (third from left) was ever-present figure near Billy Eckstine (third from right) in 1949.

be relaxed. I'm always pressing." In his first seven years as a golf pro Sifford earned a scant \$17,000 in major tournaments. In the past seven years, since the PGA ban was dropped, his winnings have reached the \$200,000 mark and he likes to say now—in the hopeful glow of his late-blooming prosperity—"I don't want to be the best Negro golfer in the world. I want to be the best golfer period."

It is too late. Too much was used up too long ago for him to win his dream. But what of the other black men on the tour? What have the achievements of Charlie Sifford done for them? Gone is the stultifying pressure of being alone among white men on the tour—the feeling, as Bill Spiller puts it, "of everyone staring at you as if you're made from some kind of weird black plastic." Negro players are fully accepted on the tour and there is no overt sign of bigotry. Partly this is because of an odd, insulated ambience built into the tournament circuit itself. The tour is really a floating civilization that drifts along from town to town and tournament to tournament like an island fully equipped with a cast of tawny, tanned and witty sophisticates, a modern road show version of a party from *The Great Gatsby*. It is self-ruled, self-motivated and self-contained to a point where many of the everyday prejudices of the real world do not intrude. When Sifford won his first major tournament, the 1967 Hartford Open, a lot of his fellow pros were openly rooting for him. Lee Elder puts it this way: "Believe me or not, there is no difference between blacks and whites on the tour. Corry as it sounds, this is like one big family. The tour is a world by itself. I'd say, and there just isn't any racial tension. Sure, there are guys who don't like me. I can sense that. But in all honesty I'm not positive that it's because I'm colored or because they're jealous that I won so much last year as a rookie. There just isn't any serious prejudice on the tour."

To hear black golfers talk, the lack of overt discrimination extends in some degree beyond the PGA island, too. "Everything's wide open now," says Pete

(continued)



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THE YEARS

Brown: "Even the South isn't closed up like it used to be. It's a different place entirely from when I started six years ago. I used to put all kinds of pressure on myself, on my game, because I felt so black. I thought of myself constantly as a Negro golfer. I don't anymore. I'm just a golfer now." And George Johnson, new to the tour this year, says, "I suppose I expected to feel all kinds of eyes on me, people glaring at the colored golfer and all. It wasn't that way, man. Nope, the only time I feel uneasy is when I miss a four-foot putt."

So the tour itself seems free of discrimination. Yet the second-class status of the black golfer has not been essentially changed by the feats of Charlie Siford; country club golf is still the white man's game. Black men have gained no wide access into the circles of affluence and influence that in turn command entrance to the American country club. Thus, because the best courses are out of bounds for most blacks, they wind up trying to sharpen their games on public links—perhaps hitting drives off rubber mats, jockeying for backswing space among roaming herds of players on dinky, dried-up layouts that have no sand or rough, and putting on greens that have the topography and consistency of a dance floor. Under these conditions, black men learn a game that does not resemble the one played on the tour. They must redesign their golf completely in order to have a chance against the more sophisticated tour pro.

"Even the UGA tour is played mostly on those itty-bitty bounce-up courses where nothin' sticks on the greens unless you roll it in," says Johnson. "Most of us—Lee Elder and Nate Starks and Jimmy Walker and Ray Batts—learned our game on courses like that. Who ever played in sand before? Who ever hit to a green where the ball actually stuck? I tell you, if I got one of the white pros out here on one of those little bounce-up courses, I'd whip 'em sound. I'd shoot 65 to his 85."

Besides the bleak terrain on which they play, few black men have the opportunity or the wherewithal to get the kind of expert—and early—instruction they need.

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THE YEARS *continued*

"College players get treated like pros from when they're little boys," says Sifford. "They got a game that's almost good enough for the tour before they're 20 years old." "People are always asking me how come I got such a short backswing," says Johnson. "I know why. I got it from tip-toeing out on a course before dawn—in the moonlight sometimes then peekin' over my shoulder real quick to see if anyone was watchin' and then whackin' through with the fastest, shortest swing you ever saw so I could hit that ball and get moving before I got caught."

Besides being short on sound instruction, the most seasoned Negro pros come to the tension of the tour with far less significant competition behind them than the average white college player. The UGA tour, helpful though it is at keeping bread in the house while a man is trying to smooth out his swing, does not offer the intensity of competition that brings a golfer's game to perfection. Elder won an astounding total of 18 of the 22 UGA tournaments he played in during 1967. "It's obvious that the play can't be all that rough," he says. "I mean, how could one guy win 18 tournaments if the field was balanced? I'm not saying I didn't play under a lot of pressure on the UGA. More than once I checked into a motel before a tournament knowin' full well that I couldn't check myself out unless I won some money. Now that's pressure I'd say, wouldn't you?"

Of course the pressure for money is faced by everybody on any tour. A man doesn't merely arrive with a sweet swing and a hot putter to play tour golf. He must also have a steady flow of cash for travel, room, board, entry fees—a minimum of \$12,000 a year. This often means a sponsor, a sugar daddy somewhere out there with a generous heart and a hot check-writing hand. The PGA once actually required that a man show proof of having at least \$5,000 capital in the bank or available before he could get his player's card as a rookie. Given the routine inequities and deprivations in the average black man's life, it is rare indeed to find someone willing to part

with \$1,000 a month so that a young Negro can develop his golf game on the tour. "Whites can usually find someone to help them out," says Curtis Sifford, though many, including Palmer and Nicklaus, never did. Curtis himself is backed by William Stennis, owner of a chain of fried-chicken restaurants in Los Angeles. "After all," says Curtis, "white golfers can be a good investment—they've been winning money for 50 years. Negroes don't look like anything but a bad risk. Even Charlie hasn't won all that much money until the last couple of years. And no black man can get anywhere near the kind of endorsement money that the whites pick up. You can't blame black people for not rushing to line up to get their money behind a Negro golfer, can you? Black people's money is too hard to come by for that kind of risk."

Stennis says, "I suppose I already have more than \$20,000 invested in Curtis and it will continue to go out at, maybe, \$15,000 a year with no guarantee of a return. The risks in backing a black golfer are so extreme that a man can't do it for the possibility of profit alone. He also must want to make a contribution to the Negro cause and feel this kind of contribution is worthwhile."

With a lucky combination of perhaps a little philanthropy and certainly a great deal of polished natural skill, a Negro can indeed become a tip-top golfer. But it takes time, so much time. The average age of the black men on the tour today—not counting Sifford—is a relatively ripe 32 years. As Charlie says, "They gave us the chance and all we got to do now is want to play golf. We got our chance now." True enough. The sad thing is that even though it was Sifford more than any one man who created that opportunity, he can never be given the real reward he deserves—not Charlie Sifford Day in Los Angeles, not speeches at City Hall and gifts in the Black Box, but those 10 years of his prime that he lost to Jim Crow golf. Perhaps his own weary words say it best. "Nothing ain't ever as good for a black man as it ought to be."

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DON BENNING, 32, wrestling coach at the University of Nebraska at Omaha for six years, was named NAIA Coach of the Year. Benning has had several offers from bigger schools at a higher salary, he says. "I don't want to be some big school coach," he says. "I want to be a coach."

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOT FOOT (CONT.)

Sirs:

At long last a victory for the amateur athlete (No Goody Two-Shoes, March 10). The so-called shoe scandal is a small step at the right direction in assisting our amateur athletes, who, thanks to antiquated regulations imposed by the AAU and other such organizations, risk their amateur status almost every time they turn around. It is high time that these outdated eligibility rules be revamped and updated and the amateur athlete be compensated for the dedicated hard work that brings him the publication of victory or the agony of defeat. A medal or gold cup doesn't pay for the travel expense or the equipment required.

The next pair of shoes given away should be a pair of walking shoes to Avery Brundage and his crowd. I have several old pairs I would gladly send along—collected, of course, as I would not want to contribute to Mr. Brundage's losing his amateur standing.

I imagine the next step in this "scandal" (your word, not mine) is to have the likes of Mr. Brundage repeat the Jim Thorpe fiasco and take back all the medals en masse. Let's all get behind our amateur athletes and see to it that they get a just reward for their sacrifices and not concern ourselves with such trivialities as how or from whom they get their shoes, travel money, meals, other expenses or college education. What is wrong with a little help, cash or otherwise?

BERNARD D. DUNN
Lieut. Commander, USN

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Fifty-seven years ago the "greatest athlete in the world" was deprived of his Olympic medals and trophies because he played baseball for a measly \$50 or so a month prior to the 1912 Olympics. In 1969 two of the world's leading sports shoemakers admit paying as much as \$100,000 to Olympic athletes, and these athletes still have their medals. All this is obviously a sign of our inflationary times. Now we go big.

I have always thought Jim Thorpe was born 50 years too soon. Now I am sure.

WICK FROLDEN

Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs:

Concerning your recent article, No Goody Two-Shoes, would you please contact the representatives of either Puma or Adidas, I have no preference, to inform them that I am ready to sell out to the highest bidder. I am starting out at \$200 but I'm willing to go as low as \$5.95.

As for my qualifications, my fastest time in the 100-yard dash is a scant 12.8 seconds, and with some training I will be able to break the six-minute barrier in the mile. But my specialty is the high jump. With my modified Fosbury Flop I have cleared 5' 2". This jump was good enough for fourth place in the 1968 annual third-period track meet at Athens High School (Coach Malinowski's team beat Coach Sellers' team). Speaking of high jumpers, that brings up an interesting point. Since they usually wear two different types of shoes, I could wear a Puma on my left foot and an Adidas on my right.

Keep up the good work!

BLAKE GILES

Athens, Ga.

MICKY'S LEGACY

Sirs:

My opinion of your organization has been somewhat lowered. The epitome of the put-down was achieved by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (SECRETARIAT, March 10) at the expense of Mickey Mantle. Calling him a "limping, sporadic shadow" and a "superhero of small boys" certainly degraded the man whose achievements in his field were phenomenal for a person with his physical history. Mr. Mantle was a man who lifted baseball out of the depths of mediocrity, and fans across the nation realize this fact. To suggest that the Mick will be overshadowed in the limelight of a Bill Robinson borders on the insane.

My congratulations to Mickey Mantle. No one need make excuses for him; he need not make any apologies. He was a fantastic, superstar, a fantastic human being and all of baseball is forever indebted to him.

SAM CIVILLO

Dallas

CRUEL TO CRUGUET?

Sirs:

Referring to your Flamingo story (Man (Piss Horse) Bears Bos, March 17), I am happy to report to Jockey Jean Cruguet's fans (there are still quite a few besides me) that the "boy" took it as a man. Terence Elhott Bureh's latest comments about Cruguet were far enough.

Since Arts and Letters did not fare too well in the Fountain of Youth with the experienced "sons of Robot" jockey, Willie Shoemaker, I would suggest that perhaps you should recommend former Italian champion Enrico Caimi for the colt's next start. After all, not only is he, too, an experienced "sons of Robot" rider, but the Robot rider himself.

PIERRE BELLOCQ

Holts Hills, N.Y.

VIOLENT SERENITY

Sirs:

About three years ago, as I was walking along a Long Island beach on a cold, windy winter night, the phrase "violent serenity" jumped into my mind. My definition of that seemingly contradictory term was that, when a man is faced with danger, yet controls the situation, he experiences a real happiness. I feel Graham Hill's article, Serenity on the Edge of Disaster (March 10), points out the same violent serenity.

Although Hill can experience this serenity at work, most of us are caught behind a desk by the hold of economic necessity. Enjoying happiness from violence is usually a rare occurrence. Yet we try. We sail in rough weather, we climb mountains, we explore caves, we jump from airplanes.

In a world where violence and danger no longer enter into survival—where we sit at our desks to work, sit at work and sit at home to watch television and read the paper—we find a void. A void that cannot be filled (as I once thought it could) on weekends and vacations. And as we discover this emptiness and ask why, the explanation is almost too simple to believe: men cannot live happily without a kind of danger, a kind of violence—a violent serenity.

PAUL M. CRAMER

Mr. Rainier, Md.

Sirs:

I trust that you will allow a paraphrase of Graham Hill's otherwise excellent article, "Fighter pilots, whatever may be said, are not switched in to that sort of thing, like, say, a race driver at Le Mans." After 18 years of flying fighters in two wars, I must say that the sight of my 200th friend going down was no easier than the first.

JAMES M. HOWERTON
Major, USAF

Honolulu

SERENE IN CINCINNATI

Sirs:

I don't know where Curry Kirkpatrick got the information on Cincinnati basketball that you printed in the March 3 issue (Skeel's Irons and Snakes and a Scrabble for First). It was wrong. No, not entirely; John Freley is very much indeed the good freshman ballplayer he was claimed to be. But there the accuracy of the article drifted somewhat.

Kirkpatrick says Coach Ray Dieringer had to step in to assist Coach John Bryant on the bench. This is completely false. Dieringer was the freshman coach for the entire season with the exception of three consecutive games, in which Bryant stepped in to coach while Dieringer was fulfilling his duties as varsity assistant coach on road games.

continued

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10TH HOLE

During these three games John Fraley and the entire freshman team played with equal dedication to Coach Bryant as they had to Coach Dienerger. There was trouble only when, during the Miami game, the entire freshman squad was not blocking out to John Bryant's specifications. Bryant's criticism was merited by the team's subsequent loss to Miami.

In a program already partially injured throughout the season by poor communication of feelings by both coaches and players, there is no need for outside additions to the pressures of racial problems in athletics. In fairness to the athletes and coaches at schools involved, the reports should be accurate, especially in cases where personality conflicts are named. I know that no hostility exists between John Fraley and Coach Bryant. I know both rather well. I am Fraley's roommate and have played basketball with him and under Coaches Dienerger and Bryant for an entire season.

CHARLIE SNOW

Cincinnati

SPLINTERED SKI BORN

Sirs:

There is a letter in your 19th HOLE column of March 17 by Mr. Lee MacDonald, executive vice-president of the American Skisport Association, which I feel must not go unanswered. Your staff writer, Gwilym S. Brown, in his article, *Tall in the Saddle On East* (Feb. 17), is correct in referring to me as president of the U. S. Skisport Association. The USSBA holds membership in the International Skisport Federation (ISF), which does not recognize the ASBA. Mr. MacDonald omits the fact that I am also a member of the ISF Council as well as its U. S. representative. The ISF and the USSBA are cosponsors of the third world championship skisport races which are scheduled for February 1971 at the Snow Bowl in Missoula, Mont. A host committee under the direction of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce will be in charge of this event.

The ISF and I have been in repeated contact with the ASBA regarding the subject of their affiliating with the skisport organization that has official jurisdiction over the sport in the U. S. (formerly the AAU, now the USSBA) but to no avail. It is hoped that some of the wiser heads on the ASBA directorship will back an affiliation movement so that some of their interested skisporters, who are not now eligible for places on the official U. S. team, may be able to qualify and participate in the 1971 world championships.

WILLIAM EDWARD CARTWRIGHT
Missoula, Mont.

Address editorial mail to FINE & LITE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

If you want to STOP SMOKING



Here's How!

by Al Tyll

Known as the "magician" of Irish comic acting, Al Tyll (right) is a multiple winner of Volstead, Masters and North American Championships in Irish Comedy.

Believe me, trick water skiing and smoking just don't go together—not if you want to stay on top. Having won the champion trick skier for many years, I couldn't afford to get hooked on the habit. I remembered reading about Bantron, got some and started using it. Thanks to Bantron, I stopped smoking completely in 5 days. It didn't affect my taste for food or anything else. I haven't smoked in a year and a half.

I've learned that clinical evidence has established that Bantron is more than 80% effective in helping chronic chain smokers give up smoking completely. Extensive research work at a great American University has shown that 4 out of 5 people who had a desire to stop smoking were able to do so within one week with the help of Bantron. Even those who didn't stop completely cut down drastically.

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The Race for the Spearmint

Wrigley money prompted the first midwinter Catalina-mainland swim

by DOLLY CONNELLY

My father rolled us up in Army blankets in the sand at Point Vicente, like so many small, giggly seals, and took up a lonely vigil on the wet rocks, looking out to sea with a pair of high-powered binoculars. It was a bright, moonlit night, with low fog out over the water and moderate surf, not at all miserable for January. The year was 1927. We were there, along with maybe a couple hundred other watchers, all huddled around little driftwood fires to do proper homage to the winner of the Wrigley Ocean Marathon, the first and only mass trans-San Pedro Channel swim from Santa Catalina Island to the Southern California mainland.

Not many people thought such a swim could be accomplished. Experts declared that no one could stand the awful midwinter temperatures for the requisite 42 to 25 hours. Betting ran 10 to 1 against anyone surviving the paralyzing cold and the wild and unpredictable tidal currents. But Father had a sixth sense about these things. Not only did he believe that a merman would rise out of the kelp beds in the small hours of the morning, right here across the shortest span, he wanted all his flock to see and be inspired when the merman rose.

One of my father's cherished theories of child-raising—he had eight of us on which to practice—was that the viewing of magnificent, lone feats of valor somehow would imbue us all with fiercer hearts. Thus we were lifted practically out of the cradle to view a remarkable series of events, sporting and otherwise, in which man pitted himself against great forces of nature.

The Wrigley Marathon, "World's Greatest Sporting Contest for One of the Greatest Prizes Ever Hung Up," was after Father's hero heart. Considered the most spectacular aquatic event of all times, it promised to pay the first man to touch shore an incredible \$25,000 and the first woman \$15,000. If the woman beat the man—thought most unlikely—she would get the 25 grand. Most of the great names of swimming in the '20s (103 in all) were entered, and they got rooms of space on the sports pages for months in advance as each arrived to fatten up and harden to the chill waters. There were Henry Sullivan and Charles Toth, veteran distance swimmers and the first Americans to swim the English Channel; 240-pound Norman Ross, giant Chicago star of the interlarded games

at Paris in 1919. There were the French champion Bert Rovere, schoolteacher Clarabelle Barrett of Pelham, New York, holder of women's endurance records; Millie Gade Corson, English Channel conqueror; Leo Purcell of the San Francisco Olympic Club, winner of the Golden Gate endurance swim; Charles (Zatmy) Zabelman, the legless distance swimmer from Oakland who trained against the San Francisco Bay tides; various motion-picture starlets entered for no better reason than to have their pictures taken posing prettily in button-shouldered knit bathing suits; and an Eskimo who claimed to have swum the Bering Strait and who kept making everybody mad by complaining of the "high temperature" of channel waters and distressing lack of ice floes.

The race was preceded by a month-long rhubarb stirred to fever heat by the Women's Christian Temperance Union when New York Lifeguard Lottie Schoemmel, who trained by swimming around Manhattan Island in 14 hours and 11 minutes, arrived on Santa Catalina Island with no bathing suit in her wardrobe but with 15 pounds of bear grease for insulation against the cold. Said authorities of Long Beach and neighboring seaside hamlets: "Mrs. Schoemmel or any other unclothed swimmer landing on this part of the coast will be promptly arrested."

William Wrigley Jr., multimillionaire island-owner and sponsor of the marathon, immediately ordered 200 pounds of the best axle grease and 100 pounds of prime hog lard delivered to the island so that Lottie should have no un-

fair advantage over other contestants. To bare or not to bare became the question of the day, and while all this was going on an inconspicuous Canadian kid in a seedy cap—an amateur long-distance swimmer—hitchhiked into town to almost total neglect by the hordes of newsmen swarming around far more glamorous company.

If I rather personally could have picked a winner to meet his exacting specifications, he couldn't have done better than choose George Young, a 17-year-old Toronto, Ont. boy, who made a penniless and miserable trip across the continent on a wheezing, third-hand motorcycle that broke down in Arizona. Young himself never doubted that he would win, and he planned to spend the \$25,000 on a Southern California pink-stucco bungalow for his ailing, widowed mother.

The Wrigley Marathon was a natural product of an era when the uses of publicity were being plumbed to the fullest. William Wrigley Jr., who made a fortune out of the rhythmically moving jaws of the U.S. public, could well afford the elaborate preparations and safety precautions of the mass swim. He leaped at the suggestion when it was made to him. At one time no fewer than 1,000 entrants were registered, but they dropped out like Raid-sprayed mosquitoes when the grim facts of the channel became known. Fred Cady, swim coach of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, was one of the many experts who doubted that the swim could be accomplished. Clarabelle Barrett, who later changed her mind and entered the race, announced that "it is not humanly possible for any swimmer, male or female, to remain in the water for more than ten hours, and the distance cannot be covered in that time."

As odds slipped to 10 to 1 that no one could complete the swim, contestants set about various plans to outwit the cold. A common solution usually was to fatten up with a high-calorie diet. The Eskimo sent north for a barrel of seal grease—to drink, not wear. Fickle-hearted Clarabelle Barrett ate sponge cake with her tea. The finest baby beef in the cooling rooms of the Hauser Packing Company was reduced in half-ton batches to beef juice, supplied in gallon lots to selected serious swimmers.

Meanwhile experts testing the San Pedro Channel waters came up with fearsome statistics: in midchannel, January temperatures were dropping to 52°, while

continued

near the California mainland waters were found to vary from 54° to 58°. Average temperatures of the English Channel, in contrast, is 60° in the swimming season. Currents were found to vary in their courses, running in all directions, different from day to day. Starters would swim into trouble right off the bat, encountering not half a mile from the isthmus a wide current running like a mill-race toward the northeastern end of the island. Farther out in the channel, there was a six-mile-wide current flowing southward directly across the course at a speed of one knot, rendering tide-useless as a help to swimmers. Sharks, rumored out there waiting to chunk down meaty channel swimmers, turned out to be mythical. Still, as the dread day approached, another 50 swimmers dropped out, along with the last of the film cuties. The Eskimo went home.

The steamer *Atolul* was rigged out as hospital ship and floating grandstand. A fleet of 300 boats stood off to convey the swimmers, each contestant accompanied by a row boat with an impartial observer, his trainer and an oarsman aboard. The observer was charged at frequent intervals to prevent hanky-panky, such as swimmers climbing aboard in the dark of night. Powerboats with doctors aboard accompanied many of the swimmers. Escort boats were loaded with emergency equipment, hot-water bags, red flags, flares and elaborate devices to feed swimmers in mid-swim. Red Cross, newspaper and wire-service speed-boats formed a considerable armada of their own, and President Calvin Coolidge ordered the Coast Guard to be there, as well. When the whole fleet got under way it rumbled that of the future Normandy invasion.

At the crack of Fred Cady's gun swimmers in all hues, from lampblack through yellow, green and lard-white, took off—14 women and 88 men (one was only 14 years old). Seven minutes later the first casualty was fished out more drowned than alive. Philip Moore had set out in an unbeatable combination against the chill: six long-john undershirts, each heavily greased, and three pairs of heavy water-wooden underdrawers tied at the ankles with rope, the whole finished off with an inch-thick frosting of rendered beef suet. He sank like a wounded walrus. By nightfall less than half the starters were still in there sucking.

Charabelle Barrett succumbed to the

bitter cold and left the water at 1:11 a.m., well behind dark horses Margaret Hauser of Long Beach, Calif., and Martha Stager of Portland, Ore. Flanboyant Lottie Schoemmel, attractively landed out in her bear fat, surrendered to leg cramps by sunset. By midnight no more than a dozen of the field of 102 were in the sea. The race settled down to a three-way contest between George Young, well out in the lead and swimming with machine-like precision at 46 crawl strokes to the minute, Peter Meyer of Cincinnati and favorite Norman Ross.

Meyer gave up off Point Loma at 4:15 a.m., beaten by the fog and cross-currents against which he had battled vainly for two heart-breaking hours, always drifting back. He came within a mile or so of shore, swimming an estimated 34 to 38 miles with a turgid crawl.

Ross had made a poor decision early in the race, swimming toward the northern end of Santa Catalina to get the better of the wade, southerly flow. Thus he had much distance to regain before turning sharply toward the San Pedro lighthouse. When he reached the fast offshore tide within a few miles of Point Vicente he had nothing more to give.

But those of us who were huddled on the beach at the mainland end of the course knew nothing of all this, particularly we children. My own memory of the long night vigil is hazy: a wave-lulled sleep broken now and again by people running around with flashlights and chunks of driftwood set ablaze in the beach fires. Suddenly, about 3 in the morning, Father, in a great state of excitement, ran from child to child, shaking us awake. Just off the kelp beds, out beyond the rocky point in the midst, the hobbling light of an escort boat had appeared. In a little while, rising out of the black water in the light of the many cars parked facing the sea, appeared a dark head and the flash of white arms.

At exactly 3:08 a.m. on the morning of Jan. 16, 1927, by Father's lat, gold pocket watch, there staggered up out of the sweepy current an exhausted boy, with a heavy, prognathous jaw, his thick neck widening into blocky torso, his skin puckered from long immersion. The whites of his eyes gleamed blood-red from the burn of salt water. His mouth hung open, and he wore an oddly puzled look, as if he didn't know where

he was or how he got there. We had one good, clear look at him. Then little kids were pushed out of the way by men racing out waist-deep into the sea to lift George Young, now in the final few yards, striding and flopping through the surf.

Naked, he was wrapped in blankets and borne off to a waiting official car, I suppose to a hospital. Though the distance from the isthmus at Catalina to Point Vicente is only a little more than 22 miles, he had swum more than 30 miles before he touched land. I don't recall whether he had any vestiges of grease clinging to his heavy-muscled body, but I remember the shocked hush of the crowd, as if all of us were interlopers in the personal highlight of a man's life. The mood changed from awe to excitement when George issued a brief statement. He used it all, he said, to a fin body spurred on by the faith of his ailing mother, a onetime cook in tourist camps who had donated the last of her savings, \$135, to the purchase of his beat-up motorcycle.

Father was beside himself with joy. Strong body and clean heart. Who could ask for more than that a poor boy triumph over nature and the world's greatest distance swimmers? George became a family hero right alongside Teddy Roosevelt, Richard E. Byrd, Robert Peary and Charles Augustus Lindbergh, who joined this distinctive company a few months later. We children were enjoined to make up a scrapbook of clippings with headlines such as: CHASTETE CONQUERED: WORLD'S MOST TIGHTLY CLIPPED WORLD'S SWIMMER WINS OVER FRODO WATERS; WORLD'S PREMIER NADATORS BENT BY BOY AND LAD BEHINDS FORTUNE FROM CHICKEN MONARCH.

After the race, panting newsmen rushed to fill in gaps in George's youthful chronicle. He was a very good boy, a credit to his mother and holder of a slew of Canadian amateur swim records. Entrepreneurs of various kinds dangled vaudeville contracts and such under George's outthrust chin, but I don't know if he accepted any. Our family scrapbook ends with news that Mrs. Jenny Young, mother of the champ, wired him to put his \$25,000 prize in a California bank and return to her at once. Apparently this was before anyone had heard of the generation gap, because that's the last clip in the saga of the teenage wonder boy.

END

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